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A

TRUE STORY

OF THE

XTRAORDINARY FEATS, ADVENTURES AND SUFFERINGS

OF

MATTHEW CALKINS,

ENANGO CO., N. Y., IN THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION—NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

ALSO, THE

DEEPLY INTERESTING STORY OF THE

CAPTIVITY OF GENERAL PATCHIN,

SCHOHARIE CO., N. Y., WHEN A LAD: BY BRANT AND HIS INDIANS.

THE SAME WAR: WRITTEN FROM THE LIPS OF THE RESPECTIVE HEROES ABOVE-NAMED.

THE SPIRIT OF EVIL AND THE SPIRIT OF GOOD:

A SAGINAW TALE; FROM SCHOOLCRAFT'S RESEARCHES.

AND THE STORY OF

CONRAD MAYER, THE HUNTER.

Who will spurn a story of that savage war,
Which pour'd out blood from many a horrid scar,
And won for millions, a hiding place—a home—
A refuge for the race—ages yet to come?

Joslin

BY PRIEST,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL WORKS, PAMPHLETS, &c.

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ALLUSIONS TO THE MAIN POINTS OF THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS.

Calkin's enlistment in the war of the Revolution—when—and where.

First rendezvous at the city of Albany, under Colonel Willett.

Marched on an expedition to Johnstown—Stone Robie, and Fort Plain; all on the Mohawk, of bloody memory.

Secret expedition in the night, but the destination unknown to the men.

The rescue of Fort Plant, an inland place, near the Mohawk, from a large force of Indians who menaced its capture.

Death of two young men by the Indians, who had gone from the Fort, before day light, to a distant pasture for some horses.

Appearance of many Indians on the skirts of the forest, surrounding Fort Plant at sun-rise.

The effect of chain shot when thrown among them from the guns of the Fort.

Perilous rescue of the cattle of the neighborhood, from an old pasture, situate some distance from Fort Plant, in the woods, by Calkins and a fellow soldier.

Seeming terror of the cattle, while in the pasture, on account of scenting the Indians, as was believed, and their race to the fort when let out.

Pursued by the Indians before reaching the Fort, but met with chain shot, thrown over the heads of the drove and the men behind them.

Willett's pursuit of these Indians, with fifteen hundred men—overtook them while cooking their breakfast—their flight, &c.

The Stockbridge and Oneida Indians sent in chase, under an Indian Colonel, called *Lewey*, with an hundred white men, Calkins being one of the number.

Caution of this Indian Colonel, and his refusal to continue the chase, on account of the signs of an ambush.

Property retaken which was abandoned by the enemy from the heat of the chase, through the wilderness, near Clark's Ville, Otsego Co., N. Y.

Famous attempt of Colonel Willett to capture Fort Oswego, in the heart of winter.

Great fatigue in making and breaking a road through deep snow to Oneida lake.

Failure of the enterprise on account of the want of provision—treachery of an Indian guide—loss of the right way, &c.

Sufferings of the troops for want of food—devouring of dogs, &c. on their way back.

The sufferings of four men in particular from hunger and fatigue, one of whom was Matthew Calkins.

Great numbers of the troops frozen in the expedition, and crippled for life.

Fortunate escape of Calkins and three men, from being captured, having travelled a whole day between two detachments of the enemy, without being discovered.

A scouting party of Indians and white men, Calkins being one of them—Powwow of the Indians, their improvidence in relation to food—catch fish with their hands—quantity which they devoured at once.

Story of *Carr*, the tory, and the Carr-Mount farm, Otsego Co., N. Y.

Death of a scout by treachey, by the means of this Carr—the wonderful escape of one of their number by running when pursued by Indians.

Expedition against Carr, discovery of property tied in parcels in the tops of the trees, in the woods round his premises.

The interesting story of the captivity of Gen. Patchin of Schoharie Co., N. Y., with the capture of thirteen others at the same time by Brant and his Indians.

The Spirit of Evil and Spirit of Good: an Indian Tale.

Conrad Mayer and Susan Grey, a hunting story of the west.

We hope the public will excuse the reprinting of Gen. Patchin's narrative, when we state that many who purchased of the first edition, desire to see a second, as they had lost or worn out the first; and besides, there were of the first edition but a few printed.

A TRUE HISTORY OF THE FEATS, ADVENTURES AND SUFFERINGS OF MATTHEW CALKINS IN THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION.

'Twould make one weep to see the troubled face
Of the worn out soldier on an Indian trail,
Tracking the stealthy foot from place to place,
To hear the sudden scream and the infant's wail.
Such sights were often seen, along *Otsego's* hills;—
Such sounds, *Chenango's* forests *often* knew,
Along the vales of *Delaware*—its brooks and rills—
And Old *Schoharie's* woods of bloody hue.

That memorable event, the Revolution in America, had progressed with all its mighty deeds, nearly five years,—painting on the canvass of nations, the story of her wrongs imposed by tyranny,—when Matthew Calkins, the man above alluded to, became, though young, a *Volunteer* in that war, with thousands of others of similar ages and principles. At this time, he lived at the residence of his father, in Columbia Co., N. Y., in a place called Austerlitz; and knowing that Colonel Willett of intrepid memory, was at Albany, enlisting recruits for the Continental service, Calkins became determined to make one of the number, though blood and perils should mark his steps. He now repaired to that rendezvous, being but eighteen years old. On coming to that city, he entered among the nine-months men; but in a short time saw fit to enlist for two years, in what was called the three years' Regiment;—*one* year of the existence of that *peculiar* Regiment—having at the time of Calkin's enlistment, passed by. The first service, except the drilling, training and exercise incidental to the education of a soldier under arms—was a march to Johnstown, Stone Robie and Fort Plain—places on the Mohawk, where had been committed, in the earlie times of the Revolution, many a deed of horror, under the eye and auspices of the bloody Johnstons, Brant and Coajutors. The detachment Calkins belonged to, was commanded by Major Benscoughton, and consisted of three hundred men.

Now, while lying at Fort Plain, Calkins and the company of which he was a member, who were about thirty in number, and commanded by one Captain Tierce, were called upon *secretly*, by Lieutenant Thornton, long before daylight, or the time of the *revelee*, to turn out instantly, as they were to go on an expedition; but where, he knew not. In a twinkling, all were ready, when it was perceived, that they were destined on a most dangerous route, as they were directed to penetrate through a four-mile woods, to a place where there was a block-house called *Fort Plant*. This place of security had been built by the people, for the mutual safety of the neighborhoods situated round about, which they had called *Fort Plant*, as it was to protect the *planters* or farmers of that part of the country.

At Fort Plant, it had been ascertained during the night, that on the morrow, the place would be besieged, by a force of seven or eight hundred Indians and tories, whose operations were to be directed by British officers. It was a friendly Indian, who had, at the peril of his life, discovered this party and their designs, and made haste to communicate the same to Fort Plant. On this account there was found a man, who carried the news to Fort Plain, and requested im-

mediate succor, as that they were in constant expectation of an onset. In Fort Plant there were but thirty men, and unless they could be reinforced, it was extremely probable the place would be taken, which was filled with the families, women and children of the settlement round about, and would become the prey of the Indians' bloody knife, unless successfully resisted. The troop now called out for its assistance, the Infantry, who arrived safely at the place, just as the day was dawning. It appeared on their arrival that the enemy had been encamped within a short distance of the Fort during the night, but did not seem inclined to commence the onset till they should have day-light to do it by. They, no doubt knew well its weakness, and therefore, had no fear as to the result, and besides this, no doubt, wished to capture it as warily, and as easily as possible, in order to save the lives of their own men. Now the silent arrival of the Infantry from Fort Plain, had some how made a tremendous impression upon the minds of the enemy in the woods, as they had evidently seen the troops by means of their spies lurking in the dark about the Fort, when they made their entry, just as day-light was streaking the east. On seeing this body of men entering from the way of Fort Plain the spies fled into the woods, with, in all probability, an exaggerated account of their numbers, as it was not light enough to compute them. In what direction from Fort Plant the camp of the Indians was situated, there was no one knew; not even the friendly Indian, who gave the alarm, as he had only seen them within a few miles of Fort Plant the day previous, and some time before it was time to camp down for the night, and therefore could not tell that particular.

Now, some time before day-light, there had been sent out from the Fort, two young men, for the purpose of bringing in a pair of horses, that had been put in a back-wood pasture, to feed, as it was then in September. By this time, day-light had progressed, so that it was quite easy to see a considerable distance from the Fort, which stood in an open space, the trees having been cut down in all directions, to the amount of many acres. On account of the new acquisition of Infantry, to the Fort, the force of which now amounted to a company of sixty men, all well armed, and as it was now light enough, they sallied forth to look about, and make such discoveries as they could. At this very juncture, the sallying out of the troops, the two young men, who had been sent for the horses, were seen just emerging from the woods, riding upon a full jump, having found the horses, and were almost safely arrived within the fort. These two young men were the sons of different families, then in the Fort, who, with many others, had fled thither for safety. But at the moment, when they supposed all was well, and that they should reach that depot of safety, the Fort, there was heard behind them, from the direction of the woods, the shots of two guns, when both the young men were seen to fall from their horses. In a moment after, there were also seen the forms of two Indians, running with great speed toward the fallen young men; who, on coming up to them, sunk each his hatchet deep into their heads; then took off their scalps, and fled to the wilderness;—all of which was done so far from the Fort and the troops, and in so short a time, that no rescue could be sent, or shot reach them.

In a moment or two after, there were seen on the verge of the wilderness, a great many Indians; at whom the cannon of the Fort were let off;—loaded with chain shot; when they disappeared, as they did not seem to like the sound, nor the whizzing of cold iron among the trees about their heads. Even prior to this demonstration on the verge of the woods, and before the arrival of the Infantry, there had been seen by the sentinels, in several directions the dark forms of human beings, peering about, at whom the guns had been discharged, when they had fled; but it was not known that any had been killed.

The direction the Indians disappeared in, was that of the west. Now, in a

southerly course, from the Fort, there was at a distance of a mile or more, a place cleared, of considerable extent; and was used as a bush pasture. Into this old field, the people, who had fled to the Fort, had driven all their cattle, as well as horses, amounting in number to more that sixty.

It was, therefore, a desirable thing to get these cattle within the Fort, as it was now certain that the Indians would fall upon, and destroy them, so sure as they should make the discovery. A great many of them were cows, and the children *especially* kneeded the milk, as well as the rest. Now, in order to this, the whole sixty infantry, in the full blaze of martial glory, the sun just then rising, shone brightly upon the burnished barrels and bayonets of their guns, while the thunder of the bass drums, the rattle of the tenor, and the shrill fife, with a terrible clangor shook the wilderness with their harmony, deceiving by this display, the ambushed enemy, who, no doubt, believed the Fort to be full of forces, and the infantry then in display, but a mere detachment sent out to reconnoiter. The course the troops took, was along the path through the clearing leading off toward the old pasture, where the cattle were secreted. Now, as soon as they came to the verge of the woods, the path continuing on—which lead to the field through a dense forest of a full mile in extent, the troops came to a halt. This was done in order to consult as to the best method of recovering the cattle, as it could not be long before the enemy would know of them; then it would be too late for the rescue. Here they came to the conclusion, that it was not best for the whole company to go, but rather that two or three should be selected, only who could do the service as well, and far better, than to expose the whole force to an attack in the woods, and besides, were the Indians then near, watching their motions, they would not be as likely to discover the operation of the sending of these men after the cattle as they would be more likely to watch the main body.

Here they selected from among the troops, *two* men, who were deemed the swiftest on foot of any in the army, one of whom was the hero of this account, Matthew Calkins. Now, when the two stood out from the ranks, destined for this dangerous undertaking, Calkins was objected to on account of his youth, by the commandant. But the sergeant of his company, who knew his courage as well as speed in the race, replied, that Calkins could run to the pasture and back again, sooner than any other man on the ground, when the commandant replied, "*then let him go.*" The two adventurers now took their guns, setting off on a full run, having the secret sympathies, as well as the prayers of the whole company, and were soon through the woods, to the dreaded pasture containing the cattle. In a moment they had let the barrs down, when the animals of themselves rushed in a mass to get out, for they appeared to be aware of danger, having no doubt smelt the Indians, as they were looking towards the woods, blowing and snorting in terror. As soon as they were out of the field, they fled as if chased by a hundred wolves, directly along the path toward the Fort, as if they knew *there* was safety, the two men following after close behind. It was not long ere they came out of the woods, when the men from among whom the two had been selected, parted to the right and left, the drove passing through the midst; when they closed again and followed after. This being affected, and as they were in progress toward the Fort, being highly gratified in saving the cattle; there was heard the fearful roar of several cannon shots, the balls of which passed over the drove, into the woods beyond. This was unexpected, as well as the cause unknown, till on looking back they saw in the very path which they had followed behind the cattle, a great many Indians, as well as that the skirt of the forest was full of them, in the same direction, but were not near enough to reach the Americans with their rifles. Here it was evident, that, had they not rescued the cattle, as they did, they would have been lost, as the two men had barely freed the

drove from their pasture, before the Indians were on their track. But as the balls and chain-shot of the Fort, fell rather plentifully in the woods where the Indians were dodging about, they soon disappeared. Now, all this was done before breakfast, which gave the troops as well as the families in the Fort a good appetite and great joy, there having been none killed, except the two young men, over whose remains, there was the weeping of parents and friends, who had ventured to the spot, and brought their bodies in. The thirty men now returned to Fort Plain, which was but four miles distant, by which time Willett had raised a force of fifteen hundred men, and that very night pursued the enemy, who, it was discovered had gone the way of Boman's Creek, which has its rise somewhere near Cherry Valley. About day-light, it was ascertained, they were near the enemy, and that they were engaged in cooking their breakfast, at the place where they had encamped during the night. But before they had got through with the desirable office of getting their breakfast, by some means or other, they had made the discovery, that they were pursued by a powerful force. In a moment each man seized his arms and fled, leaving their cookery as it was. Directly, Willett's forces arrived at the spot, where he found their fires in order, and great quantities of pork, with the hair on, roasting around them. But he made no halt, passing directly on in pursuit, the soldiers snatching the meat from the wooden spits, as they went, which they crammed into their packs, against some hour of need, or till time could be afforded to finish its cooking, and to use it. Soon after this, Willett came to a halt, and selecting a hundred men of the whites, among whom was Calkins, and a hundred Indians of the Stockbridge and Oneida tribes, sent them on in pursuit of the fleeing enemy, while himself and the residue of the troops returned. This was a most singular transaction, as the two hundred who were now selected to pursue the enemy, were vastly inferior in numbers, while the whole force of Willett was double that of the foe; and had he pursued them, as he was, would no doubt have soon overtaken and destroyed them; this was a strange transaction for a brave general as Willett was reputed to be.

The hundred Indians selected, were commanded by an aboriginal Colonel, named *Lewey*, who was an Oneida chief; these, with the hundred white men, set off in chase of the enemy. On the route there were a considerable number of horses retaken, laden with plunder, as well as a number of cattle, the fugitive foe having left them all along in the woods as they fled. Among these, there was one horse found, having a side of leather tied round his body, on which there was a hog which they had shot and split length wise, with its legs tied together over the horse's back, in this way forming a balance, to keep it from falling off. The two hundred continued the chase, till some time in the afternoon of that day, and had got over the high ground east of Cherry Valley, where they began to descend into a well known gloomy range of hemlock wilderness, lying along in the direction of Clarksville, when Lewey, the Oneida chief, and commander of the Indians refused to go any further, as that from appearances which he well understood, the enemy were preparing an *ambush*, into which he had no notion of being entangled. Here, as the Indians would go no further, the whites, as was right came to a stand, when the whole party returned to Fort Plain. Thus the enemy were allowed to escape; a most singular affair indeed, which we know not how to excuse.

Now, in the winter following this affair, in the month of February, there fell a snow full four feet deep; this was in 1783, the last year of the war, when orders were issued for the troops at Fort Plain, to repair to Fort Herkimer up the Mohawk, under the command of the same Colonel Willett; Calkins being one in the company commanded by Captain Thornton, and were but thirty men in number. From Fort Herkimer, the company of Thornton was sent forward with axes and

snow shoes to open a road, by stamping a track, and by cutting away trees which might be fallen across the path, such as it was at a time when there was not a house at the place now called Utica, and is likewise a noted city. The road to be thus opened, was to reach from Fort Herkimer to the head of Oneida lake, which took them four days to perform, a job of the most fatiguing and laborious nature; being obliged to camp down in the deep snow every night, and to rest on hemlock boughs around a fire, which, however, was as large as they had a mind to build, as dry dead trees and brush were abundant. The way they broke the road was by two walking side by side, taking the lead for a certain distance, the residue following in their track, in like manner, there being fifteen couple, who in this way made a very good road. The object of opening this route was for the transporting of a body of troops in sleighs to the head of Oneida lake, and from thence to its foot on the ice, with the view of going from this place down to the out-let, which is called Oswego river, to capture the Fort at its confluence with Ontario, named Fort Oswego, then occupied by the British, a most dangerous undertaking. There were in this expedition, nearly a thousand men, for the transportation of whom, Willett had pressed a hundred and twenty sleighs from among the farmers on the Mohawk. From the foot of the lake, where they left the sleighs, and their owners, they went down the river chiefly on the ice. They had travelled nearly two days toward the place of destination when they came to a place, where, it then appeared, that Willett had caused the construction of a great number of ladders for the purpose of scaling the walls of Fort Oswego. Here it became necessary to carry these ladders by hand, the residue of the way, requiring sixteen men to a ladder, a job of the most fatiguing description; among whom was the lad, Calkins, who it appears, was ever found in places most difficult to be overcome, as well as dangerous; for let it be observed the men who carried these ladders, were also to ascend them, when they should be set up against the walls of the Fort, where death was almost sure to be met with. At this place, Willett ordered that every dog found among the troops should be killed, as they might, by barking, or some such occurrence, betray them; for it was his intention on the night of the following day to storm and capture Fort Oswego; on which account the dogs, a dozen in number or so, were immediately shot and laid up in a heap there on the snow, which was rather grievous to the owners. From this place to the Fort, it was supposed to be about twelve miles, which they intended to approach under cover of the next night, in a slow, secret and leisurely manner, reserving the strength and activity of the men, as much as possible, for the coming fray. Here, they took up the ladders, and proceeded till night came on, which was now near by. During the next day they hastened forward as rapidly as was convenient, intending to get near enough to camp down, a little while, and then by the hour of midnight to reach and capture the Fort. On the third day from the foot of the lake, toward night, Willett, as he did not know the most direct way, nor any of his men, set an Indian, who was among them, to be his guide.

Now they set out with good hearts, knowing themselves to be in the neighborhood of the contemplated battle, and that before morning, all would be over, as they would be either the victors, or sleep in death around its walls. The snow was deep, but they wallowed on—the Indian leading the way. After a few hours' travel with great labor, they found that the hour of midnight had passed, and yet the Fort was not in sight; still hour after hour passed away, and yet the the Fort was invisible. Soon, there was seen in the east, the light flush of day, and yet there was no Fort Oswego in view. Here now was trouble enough, as it was impossible for them to remain so near the enemy a whole day, without imminent danger, and besides it was found that there were no provisions in the army;—they had consumed the last morsel; believing, it is presumed, they

should breakfast in the captured Fort. As to the Indian guide, he was either ignorant of the way, or was treacherous; however that was, the men were instantly for putting him to death, to which end he was placed under guard, and sent ahead, as the whole force immediately took their back track as fast as possible, knowing they should have nothing to eat till they could reachFort Herkimer again. And to add to their very great trouble, it was extremely cold, and growing colder continually: on which account the men who had the Indian in keeping, let him go, as they had trouble enough of their own, who was never after seen or heard of, as it is likely he then went to the British, or among his fellows to the west. The time consumed in going from Fort Herkimer to the spot where the Indian gave up finding old Oswego, was six days, for which length of time they had drawn provisions, and for no more, making it evident that Willett had calculated to feed his troops in the premises of the enemy; a very poor calculation indeed, as it would have been much safer to carry more than enough, even had they taken the place, than too little, as it might be a failure. There was, therefore, in prospect, a fearful expectation of starving to death, even before they could reach the place where the sleighs were left, and certainly before they could get back to Fort Herkimer, as it would take them at least five days, if not six, which it actually did. At the spot where they gave up taking Fort Oswego, there they left the ladders, as a monument of the failure of the enterprise, and fled back as fast as they could. Now, by the time they had returned as far as to where the dogs were killed, which was nearly two days, so great was their hunger and desire of food, that in a twinkling they were cut to pieces and devoured nearly raw, as they could not wait to build fires and then till it was cooked; so that they snatched the flesh half burnt as it was, from each other, devouring it like so many Hyenas; and yet there were several who went without, as it was impossible for them to get any; among whom, Calking was one. One man was seen, who had procured no better piece than a part of a hind leg, to be tugging and gnawing away at the bone, for half a day or so, as they were travelling along, deriving therefrom much support as well as happiness, as he said to his fellows, who were *eyeing* and *coveting* the possession of his treasure, the dog's hind leg.

On the way down the river Oswego, Calkins being one of the number, who assisted in carrying the ladders, fell and hurt his leg, which lamed him considerably, so that in returning, he requested not to be compelled to keep the rank and file order of march; but to be allowed to get along by himself as well as he could, which privilege was granted to him, and three others in a similar condition. We wish the reader to notice that in the river Oswego, there is, in a certain place of its course, a *great bend*, being all of twenty-four miles round, while across the country, it is not more than twelve; which distance, the army, in coming down the river on the ice, took the advantage of, by leaving the river and travelling across the country, till they came to the river again. Now, Calkins and his fellows, being separated from the main body, managed to get ahead, picking their way frequently to considerable advantage, so that they soon were out of sight of the men behind them.

They were following in this way on up the river on the ice, but as they were busy in making all the speed they could, and being faint from hunger, they missed and went *by the place*, where the army, in coming down the river, came on to the ice again, after having crossed the land as above noticed, for the sake of its being nearer, and instead of going off the ice at *this place*, as they should have done, they continued on up the river, and greatly out of their way. But on they went not knowing the mistake, till night overtook them; when they came to a place of thick woods, on the shore, and it being too dark to travel, they came to a halt, being weary as well as hungry, for it was then three days since Calk-

ins, especially, had taken a morsel of food, as it was his lot not to be able to get a particle of dog meat. Here they went up the bank into the woods and having gone a little way, they struck a light with some *Punk* as it is called, which they had with them, and built a fire of such dry wood as came to hand, there being abundance in the place; wrapped themselves in their blanket and fell asleep there on the snow. In the morning they found themselves nearly on the ground, having sunk several feet, by the thawing of the snow, occasioned from the heat of the fire and their own bodies, so that they were in quite a deep hole, being nearly four feet, as that was the depth of the snow.

As soon as it was light, they arose from their beds and went down the bank, in order to pursue their course, when they became almost sure they had missed their way, and the place where they should have left the ice; but as they now found a great many tracks going on up the river, they became re-assured, supposing the army, to which they belonged, had gone by in the night. Believing this, they took courage and pushed on after them. They, however had not travelled more than an hour, when, as they came to a jet of land putting out into the river, in the form of a point; across which they happened to look in a direction up the river, saw to their astonishment, not more than twenty rods above them, there on the ice as many as thirty men, part white and part Indians, dressed in the British and Canadian costumes, occupied in taking their breakfast.

This was an awful discovery, and frightened them so, that they forgot their hunger, and fled back, up the bank and into the woods. Here they now saw, that they had indeed missed their way, and were near being taken by the Indians. They now knew where they were, and immediately addressed themselves to leave the river and travel *inland* till they should find the road made by their own party when they went down, and in crossing the great bend. They had gone in this direction but a little way however, when they found from weakness and the great depth of the snow, that it was impossible for them to proceed. There was left them now no hope between dying where they were, and giving themselves up to the enemy on the ice. They remembered that they had seen the party on the river in the boundless enjoyment of food; which overcoming *all* other considerations, brought them to the determination of surrendering. Having concluded thus, they were even eager, as the hope of immediate relief from the wolf that gnawed at their stomachs quickened them to be with the enemy. So effectually will the pain of hunger, humble the proudest heart. But as horrible as was the *source* of this hope, even in *this* they were doomed to disappointment; for in getting on to the ice again and going round the point of land we have mentioned, behold the enemy were gone, and quite out of sight.

But not abandoning their purpose, they followed on, in their track, not knowing what the event might be. On coming to the spot where the party had taken their meal, one of the men found the rine of a piece of cheese, which he eat, saying he had no doubt but that it was a part of a real *Cheshire*, it tasted so good and rich. On pursuring this cource till nearly night, the sufferers found, that their enemy had left the river, putting on their snow-shoes, and had made off across the country to reach the road the troops of Willett had travelled, on their retreat from their attempt to capture Fort Oswego, and from thence they went home again, no doubt as they saw them no more.

Now, soon after being relieved from the presence, or neighborhood of the party, they came to the place where they had verged off from the river, in going *down* a few days before, in order to cross the bend by a nearer route. It was near sun set at this juncture and the distance from where they *then* were, was all of twelve miles, to the foot of Oneida lake, where the sleighs were left, when Willett came down—and which sleighs were to carry them back again. Here,

two of the men gave out; namely, Robison and Buckley, saying, it was impossible for them to proceed, and that they must lie down and rest where they then were.

The two having made this resolution, they all went into the woods, a little way from the bank of the river, and gathering some hemlock boughs, made them a bed, on which they actually lay down, there on the snow. But Calkins remonstrated, and endeavored to exhort them to hold out; but no, they must rest, they could go no farther. Here the two others, namely, Calkins and Wilkinson, took them by the hand, bidding them an everlasting farewell, saying "as for us we shall try as long as there is breath in our bodies, to reach the place where the sleighs were left," which, if they failed to do before they were gone, then that would be their end. It was now growing dark, when Calkins and his fellow left them, believing firmly that the two who had lain down to *rest*, as they said, would never rise from that bed. It was not the meaning of those men to die there, but only to rest awhile, not seeming to know that the risk of a little sleep at *such* a time as that, might place them beyond the time of arriving at the place where the sleighs were, in which case, all would be over with them forever, indeed. But they had taken their resolve, and their companions expected to see them no more as they left them to pursue their way. In a few moments, however, there was heard behind them the hallooing of somebody, and looking round, they saw the two poor fellows coming on again, seeming unwilling to be left there alone, when they halted till they came up. Here the whole four renewed their courage, being determined to reach the place in time to be carried with the rest in the sleighs to Fort Herkimer, even if they were carried dead, and not to be left in the woods, to be devoured by the wolves. That was a dreadful night to the sufferers, as the faintness of death was upon them, their eyes were unsteady, the trees nor the snow kept their places, but seemed moving like the unsteady waters, while ever and anon, the thoughts of food fell upon their memory like salvation lost, which still lingered about the visions of the mind to mock the unsatisfied appetite, and desire of happiness. In this starved condition they were doubly exposed to be frozen, so that their progress along the way was more like the sick and stooping forms of emaciated mad men just escaped from their chains, wretched, horror-stricken and in pain, objects of pity, even to the well-fed eye of persecution itself. In this condition, they had worn the night away, till nearly the lonesome hour of two o'clock in the morning, when they could hear the joyful noise of the neighing of horses and the sound of voices in getting ready to start; a few minutes longer, and the sleighs would been gone, the men's destiny would have been sealed forever.

On coming to this place, Calkin's first inquiry of his captain, who he happened to meet immediately, was, whether he had any thing to eat, for they were nearly famished, who said *no;* but, there is possibly some whiskey in my canteen: go and drink. The canteen was examined, when there was found sufficient for the four men, who drank heartily, and were amazingly strengthened, verifying a remark of scripture, which is, "*give strong drink to him that is ready to perish.*" This was all they were to expect till they should arrive at Fort Herkimer, which was full sixty miles; and proved true, except that Calkins took from the mess of one of the horses a handful of raw oats and peas, at the head of the lake where they halted to bait, the owners carrying their provender with them, these he ate greedily, being delicious to the taste, as hunger makes all things welcome. The reader here, may suppose that a horse might have been killed for food, as that there were on the spot a hundren and twenty pairs, making two hundred and forty of those animals. Now, had this been done, eight men must have died, for a horse, as a *span*, would have been dissolved, and the men left behind, the sleighs being already laden beyond the

strength of the horses. All being ready, away they went, the starved army feeling individually happy, that they could ride, when they had not strength to walk; and, besides, they knew, that by the going down of the sun of that same day, they should be fed and comforted, by the fires and in the rooms of Fort Herkimer. This proved true, the sleighs arriving there but a little after dark, where immediate and *proper* refreshments were administered to the dying multitude; having been without food for *five entire days and nights*, except the meat of the slaughtered dogs; and even of this, many of them did not taste, for the want of a chance to do so.

On getting out of the sleighs and coming where it was warm, it was found from examination, that full two-thirds of the one thousand men or thereabouts, were badly frozen, and chiefly in their feet, so that many of them were crippled for life; and yet Calkins remained unhurt by the frost, though he was so young, owing, no doubt, to the strength of his constitution, and to the care he took to keep himself in motion as much as he could, especially while in the sliegh, on the last day of their sufferings, when it is likely the chief of the mischief of that description was done.

Now, notwithstanding the entire failure of this expedition, the treachery of the Indian, &c., it was afterwards ascertained, by means of a deserter, one *Mortimer*, that at the very time the perfidious guide was wandering about with them in the snow and darkness of the night, that the British were in full strength in Fort Oswego, a thing Willett had no apprehensions of. Some how, by the means of spies, the tories, or the Indian runners, or in some way, the British were apprized of Willett's intentions, on which account they had in the Fort four hundred Indians with several hundred regular soldiers, besides the *cannon* of the place; so that if Willett had persevered in his attempt, he must have been cut to pieces; and, besides, it was found that the very ladders they had made to scale the walls with, were too short by all of six feet, which would have ensured the death of every one who might have manned those ladders; Calkins with the rest. From this same deserter Calkins afterwards learned that himself and three companions on the ice, travelled all that day, between two bands of the enemy, without being seen by either, this Mortimer being one of the front guard, and remembered eating a breakfast on the ice of the river Oswego at the very time.

Thus ended the famous enterprise of the capture of Oswego, in misfortune and the crippling of nearly all the army, which was certainly but poorly planned, as it was done in ignorance of the enemie's strength, as well as at a time of the year when amazing suffering from the cold, the depth of the snow, could but be expected, besides the whole distance was a wild wilderness, with but small exception, and those exceptions of no use to the army, as in the places on that route, where settlements had been commenced, they had deserted them long before, on account of the Indians.

But this adventure of Calkins, in the time of that war, was by no means the only one, although it was the one in which he suffered the most, and came nearest loosing his life, not only from exposedness to the enemy being so near them at Fort Oswego—and on the ice, but from the most horrid of all deaths, that of strvation. In the course of the auther's conversation with this venerable relick of the "*old war*," as it is now sometimes called, it appeared that on a certain time, a scouting party was sent out from Fort Plain on the Mohawk, in the direction of the Unadilla country, which is south from Fort Plain—and the whole range of the Mohawk. It was in this direction that most of the tragical events of that war, on the borders of the western parts of New-York took place, and was therefore at that time, the region of danger—its wilderness—its caverns and dark forests, being the scene of many an untold atrocity, perpetrated by

the savages and tories. Of this scouting party, Calkins was one, which consisted of nine white men, and eight Indians. It was known, that along the range of country, running through the towns of Lisbon, Butternut, &c. in Otsego county, N. Y., were living several suspected families of considerable importance on account of their wealth and connections, as well as their education and abilities; it was necessary, therefore, that their movements should be watched.

The party took with them food enough to sustain them two weeks, trusting to what they might shoot of the wild game of the woods, which at the time was alive with deer, bears, patriges, and other creatures of the forest, so that they needed only bread, and salt, getting the rest in the woods, such as leeks and herbs, as it was in the Spring of the year, carrying with them, however, each a pretty heavy piece of salted pork, to season such dainties with. They had travelled several days in the direction of their intended route; when the provisions they had with them began to grow rather scarce, especially with the Indians, who, for some reason or other, found it convient, on camping down of a certain night to have a *Powwow*, on which occasion, they not only devoured all they had in their knapsacks of the provision kind, but to entirely empty their canteens of the Jamaica spirits, there was in them, as a certain portion was allowed to each at the outset.

The spot where this encampment of the party took place, was not far from one of the little streams, which runs out of the numerous small lakes lying west of lake Otsego, the extreme headwaters of the north branch of the Susquehannah river. At the place there were the remains of a log cabbin, which had been erected by some earlier settler, or some hunter in those dreary hills; but was then considerably dilapidated. It was in this old hut that the Indians had taken up their nights lodging, while the whites chose theirs under some boughs they had cut from the trees, out of which they formed a kind of brush enclosure, to screen them a little from the air. It was a noisy night with the Indians, and not a little dangerous, for, if there had been within hearing a party of the enemy, there might have been lives lost, on the wrong side of the question, as the out-cry, and whoopings they made resounded far and near; and beside, they somehow set the old house in which they were camping on fire, and away it went in smoke and flames, making it a fine smooth spot to sow tobacco seed on by the time morning had come. On account of this carouse of the Indians, the whites had to part their own allowance of food with the improvident fools, by which means the whole party, Indians and all, were soon reduced to a state of absolute hunger and suffering, as they had not, for some time, killed any thing in the woods of the game kind, either from a fear of firing their guns, or because they had seen nothing to shoot at. Be this as it may, they were soon reduced to hunger and suffering. This happened on their way toward home, on the Mohawk, the place from whence they set out. But as they were making the best of their way in that direction, the Indians sad and sulky, they came to one of the streams we have above spoken of, which, as about to cross by wading, they saw was alive with fishes of a considerable size, being large enough to weigh a pound or two. Immediately they set about trying to catch them with their hands, as they had no other means, the Indians being wonderful expert at this operation—and threw them out almost as fast as they would, the water being quite shallow where they found them in such plenty. The fish proved to be the *Pike*, a fish, of all others the very best, whether caught in the ocean, or the fresh waters of the globe. They had soon enough for the whole party, when they set about cooking them, a fire being kindled in a hurry. There was no difficulty in their making an excellent meal, so far as the fish was concerned, as they had a large brass camp kittle with them, and salt enough to season them with. The nine

white men dressed for themselves, a kettle full of the beautiful Pike, and in a short period had them ready, of which they partook, and were satisfied. In the mean time the Indians had dressed a great many more fishes than the white men had done, though their numbers were less, which as soon as the kettle was at liberty, they began to cook, filling it to the brim. When they were cooked, they fell to like so many cannibals, devouring kettle full after kettle full, till they actually eat nine kettles full, a little over a kettle to each Indian, which so crammed the almost carniverous creatures, that they were wholly unable to walk, for a day or so—when it was with difficulty that they got them along at last. Of these fishes they dressed a quantity, salted them a little, and dried them the smoke, partially, which sustained them the residue of the journey to the Mohawk.

The reader may possibly enquire how so many fish of that particular kind, which it is well known, are remarkably difficult to catch, and resort to the deepest waters of the rivers came there. This enquiry is easily satisfied, when we come to know, that it was the time of the year, when the various fishes of the waters seek a place of safety, where to deposite their spawn, eggs or *roes*, for the bringing forward of other generations of their respective kinds. Such as great Salmon trout, the Bass, the Shad, the Pickeral, the Pike, as well as the Herrin and many others. But in this particular case, the Pike were seeking the resort of the small but deep lakes, that lie among the hills of that country, where to deposite their *roes*, and occasioned them to run up these small streams, urged on by the irresistable, as well as mysterious instinct of their natures, which is but the voice of their Creator, in his government of their tribes.

During this very trip of the scouting party, Matthew Calkins, traversed the ridge of highlands which runs along the Unadilla river on the east side, and overlooked the very flats of beautiful alluvial land covered with one continued forest of the majestic rock-maple; which, though he was then but a wandering lad and poor, he afterwards bought to the amount of several hundred acres which, at the present hour, he is the owner of, and the cultivator of the same.

It is but a little way above the lands of Mr. Calkins, Esq., the subject of the foregoing, where is situated a place, that is called to this day the "*Carr Mount Farm*," the owner of which was a most ferocious and bloody tory. This *Carr*, was an Englishman, who had been sent to this country by one Edmonson, to settle on and take the agency of a tract of wild land, which had been granted to him by the King of England along the Unadilla.

He had, by the means of the Indians, knowing that the king patronised him, gained an uncontrolable influence over the natives of the Unadilla region, and was confederate with *Brant*, sending them on excursions of murder and plunder as to him seemed good. At this man's house, which was then in the midst of a howling wilderness, the Indians, as well as tories, and the English emissaries, used to resort, where news of the operations of the *Committee* men of Tryon county was to be had, and where plans of marauding, were concocted, and where much of the plunder of the murdered inhabitants was deposited.

Now, on a certain time, there was sent out a small scouting party consisting only of four men, from the Mohawk, from one of the Forts in the same direction, and on a similar errand, that Calkins and his fellows were sent, namely, to see what they could find of the enemy and their doings in that quarter. They had journeyed on several days and nights, and had passed down the valley of the wild Unadilla, in a silent but observing manner, when they came unexpectedly upon a cultivated farm, though of but small extent, with a log house of a very good description, in the midst of the clearing. To this house they made their way not knowing the character of the owner, being hungry, and much fatigued. They knocked at the door for admittance, when they were met, as the door was

opened by a rough repulsive looking middle aged man of a large and muscular frame, who demanded in a half angry tone of voice, to know what their business was. To this enquiry they replied that they were tired and hungry, and wished something to eat. He said, walk in gentlemen and take seats, and he would see if he had any thing for them.

They accordingly went in as invited, but saw no one there beside the man who had met them at the door and a woman, who was not his wife, but was living there with him in the woods. Now, as the men did not like the demeanor of their host, who appeared to be somewhat churlish, and besides, he asked no questions indicative of friendship, either respecting themselves or the Revolution, they became uneasy and suspicious. On this account, they had gone out and were walking in the door-yard, while the man of the house appeared to be busying himself in getting something for them to eat. In the meantime, they had seen that the woman had disappeared in a certain direction of the woods, which they thought was quite strange, as it was winter, and the Unadilla frozen over. Her errand to the woods therefore, they could not well make out, there being no apparent cause.

But on this subject, their suspense was soon cleared up, as in a minute or two, they saw no less than six Indians on a full run coming toward the house, with guns in their hands. They had no doubts as to the woman's business, that they were in the hands of a cruel and treacherous tory, and their lives were in danger. In an instant they fled, instead of commencing an attack upon the Indians and the man of the house, although less in number it would have been the safest way. However, it may have been, that the four men imagined, that a large force of Indians was near, and that directly they might be surrounded, and that their only safety was in flight. But as they fled in different directions, each man for himself, the shots of the Indians overtook two of them, who fell dead, and wounded a third. This man though mortally wounded, managed to get across the river on the ice in a dark woody place, where he died, and was stripped and scalped by the Indians, as was the others. The fourth man made his escape unhurt, by dint of flight, being exceedingly swift of foot, and fairly outran the Indians, plunging into the depths of the dark wilderness, faster than they could follow, although there was snow on the ground, by which they could track him.

This man arrived safe at Johnstown, the place of rendezvous at that time, where he related the fate of his companions. Instantly there was sent out a sufficient force to compete mith the Indians, and to bring in the tory alive, if possible, but if not, to kill him. The party were guided by the man who had made his escape. But on their arrival at the place, there was no *Carr*, or other human being. He with the woman and Indians had made their escape; knowing full well that the man who had evaded the shots of the Indians, would cause a force to be brought against him: he therefore fled to Canada, and was never heard of afterward. They found the three men where they had died,—stripped naked—scalps taken off, and otherwise mutilated; whom they buried there on the "*Carr Mount Farm*," as it is called to this day. They now examined the forest in all directions about the premises of the tory, when in the very course the woman was seen to go, there was found, not half a mile from *Carr's* house the remains of an Indian wigwam, where the Indians lay, who were sent for by means of the woman living with Carr. In their search about the woods they found many things, which Carr had hid, by tying them in small parcels in the tops of the thick hemlock trees, such as kettles, chairs, pails and articles of wood and iron; from which it appeared he expected to return again, when his king should have conquered the country, and hung all the rebbels. The party having buried with the honors of war, the three murdered men, and burnt to ashes, the horrid den of the infernal tory, as well as the hut of the savages ad-

jacent, they returned, having done what they could to revenge the death of their comrades and to punish the murderer *Carr*.

This "*Carr Mount Farm*" is but a brief space north of the exceedingly beautiful town of North Newberlin in Chenango Co, N. Y., on the east bank of the Indian Unadilla, and but a little further from the rich possessions of the Calkins family, whose narrative we have given in the foregoing, from his own lips as we do all accounts of the kind, adding thereby trait after trait, of the unpublished history of those "*times which tried men's souls.*"

Gather the fragments that nothing be lost,
And tell the next ages what liberty cost.

CONRAD MAYER AND SUSAN GREY, A HUNTING STORY OF THE WEST, RELATED BY AN EARLIER SETLER OF THE OHIO, *KINGSLEY HALE*, BY NAME, TO HIS GRAND CHILDREN.

In 1775, the Zane family built a fort amidst the plain on which that city now stands, for a city it is, in all the moral and social, and in every commercial attribute of a city. Wheeling Fort was the outpost of civilization. The plain or bottom, narrow and darkened by trees and underwood, was overshadowed by that hill, steep and impending also with a forest of poplar, oak, and other massy trunks, against whose columns the axe had never made its attacks. That creek now spanned by yonder bridge, wound its shaded stream behind that sharp and rocky ridge, gliding silently into the bosom of its mighty recipient, the Ohio.—The great Ohio itself, the present channel of active life and commerce, was itself then an emblem of savage majesty. The stream was then, and perhaps in all former forgotten ages, as it is now, tranquil; but it was then solitary, and the view along its shores and current inspired feelings of sadness. Yonder western hills, beyond Wheeling Island, then rose bold, and blackened with an interminable forest. They were the eastern abutments of a boundless region, then with fearful import called "The Western Country;" or with still more awful import, "The Indian Country." It was a country indeed, at the very aspect of which, the bravest heart felt a shudder; for, from its endless recesses, the ruthless and stealthy savage issued on his errand of death. It was a frontier, along which the Indian and white, the red and the pale warriors met, and often met in single and unwitnessed combat.

"In the days of your grandfathers, we now sit on a spot they dared not visit without their terrible weapon, the rifle; nor did their rifle always save them from a foe who seemed to issue from the earth. But if the motion of the white hunter-warrior was slow, his march was steady and he sustained his post or fell; the white wave never flowed backwards towards its native ocean.

"You have all heard of the Mayer and Wetzel families, for who on this side of the mountains has not, heard of Conrad Mayer and Lewis Wetzel? But you may not all have heard how old Fred Mayer found his way to the banks of the Monongahela. Fred was a stubborn German, who, not liking the religion of his county, made one for himself, with a very short creed, and found it necessary to come to America to put his faith in practice. Fred brought with him some good share of Dutch scholarship, and a little gold, and what was far better than either, he brought with him a sweetly innocent and devoted wife. A few poor families came with Fred Mayer. They were peasants, stern, robust, and muscular.

Amid them, well do I remember the tear-eyed Maria Mayer; she was born to grace a court;—she became a flower of our wilderness. The little colony found a resting place on the banks of the Monongahela, and Fred and his Maria arrived just in time, for on the very next night afterwards was born their only son—their only child, Conrad.

"The morn which first dawned on Conrad, was a fine October Sabbath. Their church was the Monongahela woods, in which the new born boy received his baptismal name, and from which, thankful orisons rose to heaven for their safe arrival. Hardships had met them on their way, but sickness and death they had escaped, and now a son was born to share their future hopes.

"We need not follow the infancy and youth of Conrad. In despite of his father's attempt to teach him high German learning, this first born son of Fairstone rose to manhood, the active and untiring hunter, and the intrepid warrior. Thus he rose, or was rising, when the Revolutionary war burst in distant and lengthened blasts, resounding from hamlet to hamlet, and from town to town, until its echoes were heard in the dales of the far distant west. There was little need of repeated shouts of war to rouse young Conrad. From his father, he inherited a frame light and airy, but most powerfully strong and active. His soft blue eye bespoke the German, though his appearance and motions were French. His natural temper was wild and irrascible, but his heart was tender. If he excited a tear from the eye of his mother, or of his foster sister, Susan Grey, his kindness soon wiped that tear and its remembrance away.

"That heart must have been steel indeed which could have withstood the tears of either Maria Mayer, or her beautiful orphan foster child, Susan Grey. Very different hearts from steel animated the bosoms of Fred Mayer, and his son Conrad, and they were a family of love.

"Susan Grey was the child of love and sorrow. Her father, Thomas Grey, the son of an opulent family near ——, married a lovely but poor girl, and indignant at the taunts of his family, sought the wilds of the west. The parents were unequal to meet the hardships of their new situation: they fell early victims, and the yet hardly lisping Susan, became the child of Fred and Maria and the sister of Conrad. The orphan shared the all of her protectors, and was vexed and loved by the untoward but generous Conrad, who maintained at every shooting match that he had the prettiest sister in all America, and heaven-protected must needs have been the man who would have dared a contradiction: and another claim he had at the shooting match, of being the best shot over all Ten Mile and Wheeling woods; excepting, as some dared to whisper, Lewis Wetzel.

"Would I not give all my hunt this fall if I could ever meet this Lewis Wetzel"—grumbled Conrad, at a Redstone shooting match, as he overheard some one in a smothered voice say, "I wish Lewis Wetzel was here." Conrad bore away every prize, and swore he would "never shoot against another man until he met and beat the famed Wetzel."

The forest, hills, dales, and rocks, with the shooting matches, were the fields of fame of Conrad, from his boyhood, and before he had reached fifteen, he began to complain that bears and deers were becoming scarce; and at about sixteen his father removed to a valley on the head of Wheeling near Ryerson's station. Accompanied by his faithful dog, several nights would sometimes intervene whilst this daring young prowler would sleep in the untenanted woods. His mother and Susan had always much chiding in reserve, which they always forgot between the return of his dog and himself, for Brawler always arrived first to announce his master.

"On preparing for one of those expeditions, Conrad seemed to linger more

than usual. He was uncommonly long in preparing his rifle and other accoutrements. He laughed, teazed Susan, and vexed his mother; but, as he often told me, an anxiety hung over him, he dreaded to leave home. The whole family shared the feeling and knew not why. The habitations were few, and far separated from each other; but as Indian war had not for many years reached those dells, no apparent danger seemed to impend. and yet the steady, firm, and every thing but superstitious mind of Fred Mayer shrunk with dread. Fred Mayer had been many years a soldier, and felt ashamed of his own fears, laughed at himself and Conrad, and Conrad himself forced a playful catch, kissed his mother and Susan and darted off for the woods.

The lingering form was not yet lost, for Conrad once or twice paused and looked back upon the paternal cottage, when his mother saw the ramrod of his rifle lying on their breakfast table. She seized the rod with an exclamation —she had time for no more—the rod and the light footed Susan were gone on the footsteps of Conrad.

The young hunter had disappeared from the cottage, and being at variance with his own thoughts, now hurried in the opposite extreme, and extended his pace to almost a run. His speed was soon checked as he heard his name anxiously pronounced, and turning, saw the airy form of Susan.

"You are a fine hunter," exclaimed the panting girl, holding up the rod. Conrad lowered his rifle hastily, saw his remissness, and forcing a gaiety he felt not, and patting the flushed cheek of the messenger, replied, "Poh! Susan, may be I left the ramrod behind to see if my sister would think it worth while to follow me with it."

"Conrad," rather solemnly replied Susan, "do not call your poor little sister a fool—but—but come home with me; do not go hunting to-day."

"Ha! ha! Sukey, go home because I forgot my ramrod, ha! ha!"

"Conrad, I never saw you linger and turn back before, and the starting tear stood in her timid eye.

This appeal was always effectual in finding the heart of the otherwise wayward hunter, and setting his rifle against a tree, he seized the almost fainting girl in his arms, exclaiming in the most pathetic tone—

"Susan, if you were indeed my sister, I ought to return; but my heart tells me you are a thousand sisters in one, and ought I not to fly to the farthest woods, for I am only to thee a brother."

It was the moment they had found that there was a feeling between them infinitely more awakening, more anxious for each other, than that of brother and sister; but their looks spoke what their words dare not.

Susan gently extricating herself, exclaiming—"My, only brother, if I stand here listening to such—I—believe I must be"—and away she tripped, with sensations in which delight of heart greatly prevailed, and thus tripped to the summit of a small eminence, when turning round, she saw Conrad standing where she left him, intently gazing after her. They waved a farewell and parted.

All that day did Conrad, with steady steps and anxious feelings wind his way towards the Ohio. As the departing rays of day were leaving the earth in gloom, he reached the place where in two days his father had appointed to meet him with horses.

It was late in autumn; the morning was clear and bracing, and the limbs of Conrad invigorated by rest on new fallen leaves, sallied forth, his rifle well poised on his shoulder, and Brawler, well trained, marching behind his feet, with the watchful eye and weary tread of a tyger. Thus prepared, Conrad was treading slowly along the mountain-like hills, when spying a deer at a distance, he advanced with hunter caution, until within reach. The piece was pointed and the unerring ball sped through the heart of the animal. But at the very

moment when Conrad discharged his rifle, another prowler of the woods performed the same office, and the innocent buck fell by a double shot. Both hunter dogs preceded their masters, and commenced a furious battle over the prey which was rapidly followed by a more serious contest between the two men.

The passions of Conrad, always excessively violent when roused, was raise to madness on seeing the stranger strike Brawler. "You cowardly villain, strike my dog, take that,"—but active and athletic as he was, Conrad soon found himself engaged with an antagonist, who maintained the utmost coolness, and also a powerful man, demanding every exertion. For perhaps a minute the contest was doubtful, and entirely blinded by excessive rage, Conrad made repeated attempts to draw his knife. This, with the perhaps superior strength, and the perfect presence of mind he preserved, decided the contest in favor of the stranger, who at length, by a skilful muscular exertion, laid the frothing Conrad prostrate. wrenched his knife from its scabbard and threw it to some distance, and then securing his arms, sat triumphant on his body. Pausing a moment for breath, and with most provoking coolness viewing his still writhing enemy, very calmly observed—

"Young man, whoever you are, your jerks can do yourself as little use as me harm. nor do I intend to do you harm."

"Do me harm!" vociferated the prostrate hunter, in accents of as much wrathful defiance as his exhausted frame would admit. "Let me up and on my feet, give me a chance, and we'll see who is to be harmed."

"As matters have thus far went," replied the collected and even smiling stranger, "I am accountable for my own acts; but as I have found you in a scrape and have never injured; why, I'll try to get you off safe."

"Insulting scoundrel, let up"—

"Wait, my good boy, until your fever cools."

"Villain," roared the now absolutely infuriated Conrad. "You dare not take your rifle and give me a fair shot."

"The poor young man is raving; bleeding will cool his fever," deliberately drawing his own knife.

The flashing blade no sooner met the eye of Conrad, who expected to meet its edge, than his rage was calmed in a moment. His eyes changed from an expression of rage to that of stern and even contemptuous defiance. Not a fibre of his frame trembled; on the contrary, he steadily eyeing the victorious stranger, observed, "Murderer you may make yourself; but let me advise in my turn. I fear you not, but if you have a father and mother, can you return to them and leave the body of an only son in the woods."

"I have parents and friends, also," replied the stranger; "I never intended to injure a hair of your head, and as I see you are coming to your senses, you may rise, if your promise is given to act correctly. You are no coward, and I am no murderer: I cannot accept your challenge."

"It would be cowardice to betray such manly confidence," observed Conrad, as himself and competitor rose to their feet. The two quadrupeds were, in the mean time, lying panting from their own share of the fray.

Having eyed each other a moment, after both had resumed their arms, the stranger very good naturedly observed—

"My good friend, we have made a very lucky escape, and have much reason to remember each other; and as I have as much reason as yourself to be ashamed of so rash an act, we may exchange forgiveness."

Conrad felt as many others have felt who has been doubly vanquished, and with all his really strong feelings of generosity, a lurking mortification gave a sulky moroseness to his manner, as he rather ungraciously replied, "I suppose I am to be thankful for not having my throat cut."

"Have a care your fever does not return and affect your brain again, young man ;" very slowly and provokingly replied the stranger.

This was too much for the chafed spirit of Conrad, who commenced reloading his rifle with violent gestures and feelings of anger. His opponent also, but with the utmost coolness commenced a similar operation, and long before the enraged Conrad had his weapon prepared, the stranger with a half suppressed smile, was very composedly eyeing the rash young hunter, whilst standing grasping in his left hand his well loaded and primed rifle, and patting the head of his wounded dog with his right. When Conrad had put his weapon in order, the stranger then observed :

"You say, friend, that you are an only son : I am a little inclined to hink your father and mother would soon be childless if your life depended on which of us could load our rifles first. Be calm and hear me," continued the stranger, "before you attempt again to grapple with a stranger who has given no good cause : permit me to give you a lesson. Do you see a white spot on that hickory tree yonder?"

"I am not blind," sulkily replied Conrad.

"Except with useless passion," replied the stranger, as he raised his piece to his face, and in a moment the white spot was gone, and the intrepid and manly hunter stood with his empty rifle smiling in the face of his now abashed companion, who remained an instant absorbed in silent wonder, at length ejaculated with great warmth—

"Well ! well ! this is too much, I am conquered."

"But alive yet," replied the stranger, as he walked swiftly towards the tree into which his bullet was lodged, which having reached, he held up his left hand, shouting, "you see she is empty."

"I do," replied Conrad.

"Now then come here," continued the stranger, "and fill up this bullet hole, and then stand on one side." Conrad silently obeyed the order, when the stranger drawing his tomahawk, made a blaze, in the centre of which he made a small black spot with powder, and then laughingly observed—"young man you will now see what, may be, you never saw before;" placing his back to the marked sapling and grasping his rifle, with the muzzle forward in his left hand, bounded from the tree with the speed of an elk.

The wonder-stricken Conrad stood immoveable, until he was roused to exclaim with extreme astonishment, "who can he be?" on seeing the stranger suddenly stop, wheel and fire. The report of the rifle and disappearance of the mark, began to excite feelings of almost superstitious dread in the bosom of Conrad ; feelings which were wound to their height as the terrible stranger returned, running with uncommon speed, and coming up, handed Conrad a completely loaded rifle.

Eyeing the rifle and the owner alternately, Conrad at length found breath to exclaim.

"If you had not the look of a fine young man, I should suppose"—

"I was something worse ;" replied the stranger, "but it is time we knew each other."

"My name," with some hesitation, replied Conrad, is Mayer. I am the—I am sorry to say, undutiful son Conrad, of Frederick and Maria Mayer."

"And I am not not worth the name, perhaps," said the stranger, "but I am Lewis Wetzel."

The arms of Conrad were instantly round his preserver ; for it was the wind beaten and sun embrowned hunter-warrior, Lewis Wetzel, with whom he had been contending.

Their mutual embarrassment having a little subsided, Lewis observed—

"Conrad, as you have found I am a man just like yourself, suppose we have our breakfast; we have earned it. Let us skin this chap, and carry his carcase to my camp. We have been playing the fool long enough to be hungry."

On the bank of a clear stream, the trees for a roof, the two hunters feasted; gave each to the other a short account of their lives, laughed and spent the day, for that day they did not resume the chase; and when evening closed upon them, they slept on their leafy couch as if nothing of consequence had passed between them; and while they sleep and hunt, let us wander up Wheeling and visit the cottage of Fred Mayer.

The two days after the departure of Conrad, were cool, and until towards the evening of the second, clear. For the next morning Fred had prepared every thing necessary to set out to meet his son. Towards sunset, the wind set in from the northeast; the whole heaven became overcast, and night set in raw and cold, and that most dismal of all domestic sounds, the howl of the house dog mingled with the night blast. The family had, in some measure, conquered the sense of lonesomeness, which is so painful when a few human beings gaze upon each other for the first time, and feel that they are a defenceless few alone in a wilderness. Over the hilly and variegated peninsula, between the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, at the early day of our tale, the fields were small; they were few, and they were far distant from each other. The cabins were rude and often constructed as blockhouses, for defence. The almost imperceptible paths wound through interminable forests, where almost every sound which broke the silence, was of the appalling kind. It was these lone habitations which became so often the scenes of savage murder. This is not the product of imagination; it is the bitter remembrance of real life and death, the remembrance of the worst features of human strife. Fifty years have passed and snowed upon this head, yet it seems only yesterday, the dark and dreadful night, when Fred Mayer and his wife and child, far removed from every other eye, but that Eye which never sleeps. The night passed slowly away, sleep they could not; each tried to convince the other, and say to their own hearts, "it is the absence of Conrad. But their champion had often been absent before, their heaviness of heart had now something of distressing beyond all former anxiety for their Conrad." Towards midnight the wind entirely ceased, rain began to patter on the roof, and the darkness, heavy before, became still more dense. The howl of the watch dog became more loud, and anxious in its tones. Thus passed the night until the faint grey light of morning began to dawn.

"God be praised," sighed Frederick, "it is break of day."

At that moment the faithful sentinel at the door, by a fierce and rapid barking, announced the approach of some living object. The warning voice was as rapidly followed by a scream, a few groans, and all again was silent.

Frederick Mayer, like all truly brave men, lost the sense of undefined fear at the aspect of real danger, sprung from the bed with intent to seize his rifle, in the use of which he was no bungler; was it accident, he did grasp the rifle, but his foot struck a log of wood and he fell to his knees as the thin clapboard door was dashed from its hinges, and three rifles discharged into the cabin in rapid succession. The most heart-rending screams roused Frederick to frenzy. The great muscular force of his youth seemed to be redoubled. The Indians were deceived by his fall, and naturally concluded their victim safe. They were soon undeceived as uttering the names of his wife and child in a voice of absolute fury, he rose to his feet, and firing into the group, attempted to turn the but of his rifle. The shot took effect on one enemy, but the stock of the piece flew to shivers against a joist as the owner was grappled with and thrown on the floor. His presence of mind never for an instant forsook him, and feeling that though one against such fearful odds of numbers, that his enemies were exposed to the

danger of wounding each other, which in effect took place. Firmly grasping his formidable weapon, the naked rifle barrel, and turning himself by main strength on his face, once more regained his feet, and by a sweep of the iron bar carried away the entire upper part of the skull of another Indian.

The cabin was now become indeed a scene of indescribable horror. The whole events I have mentioned did not occupy more, if as much, as half a minute. The screaching Susan was dragged by the hair at the very moment that her protector fell in the first instance. The maddening sight was the last that Fred Mayer got of any part of family until the tragedy closed. The groans of his wounded wife he heard amid the combat,but he saw her not; the bed on which she lay had been broken down, and her pure blood mingled with that of her savage enemy. The very best safeguard of a single man against many was thrown round Fred; that is, he lost all sense of self-preservation, and bent the whole force of his body and resources of his mind on the destruction of the destroyers of his family—and how the contest would have terminated we can never know, as the shouts of other voices now mingled in the maddening fray.

You may remember, my young friends, we left Conrad and his new made friend, Lewis, sleeping on a rivulet of Ohio. Let us return to them and watch their motions. Next morning after the scuffle and happy reconciliation, the sun shone clear upon the heads of the two children of the woods. Conrad attempted to make amends for the sallies of the day before—it was an effort understood by the keen-eyed Lewis.

"My dreams hang *heavy* on me this morning, Conrad," said his companion," and with all your laughing, your brow is *heavy*. Have you ever sought the trail of the Indian?"

"I have not," replied Conrad.

"Then walk backwards, and carefully put yourself into that tree top," pointing to a very large oak which had fallen with its leaves on the previous summer —"and remain there with your rifle prepared until I return.

Conrad eyed the speaker, but found an air of command which he felt he ought to obey, and he did obey. Lewis then left their camp with a tread that gave no noise from the early fallen leaf. His course was northwardly and towards Shepherd's Fort. Hour followed hour until after mid-day, as the impatient Conrad watched the return of his companion in the direction of his departure. He was intently looking at a waving bush on a distant hill, doubtful whether it was a man or not, when he felt his shoulder struck, and "Ingens are not deer" came from Wetzel, who had thus given a lesson of vigilance.

"Prepare, Conrad, seven or eight of those black rascals are gone in the direction of your father's house."

"Good God!" exclaimed Conrad, "poor Susan, why did I not go home with you? My sister, my father and mother."

"Standing there making speeches will do no good to either your sister, your father or mother." Then pausing a moment and with his compressed mouth and expression of features which no man, however firm might be his nerves, ever beheld without feeling a something saying, "Let that man never be my enemy"—muttered with appalling emphasis, "If the whole of these cut-throats ever again cross the Ohio,—why, they'll conclude that the D——l and Lewis Wetzel have had a quarrel lately; but I'll try to show them that myself and old friend are not separated yet.

Little more was said; a few slices of half roasted vension was cut from the residue of the deer slain the day before, and the two hunters were with careful but rather rapid steps measuring their way to the northeastward, with a view, as Lewis whispered, "to fall in the rear of the *Ingens*." With all their untiring speed it was evening when, reaching the head of a hollow overspread with the

rank growth of the past summer, that Lewis stopt suddenly, and pointing with his ram-rod to marks Conrad could scarcely perceive, observed in an under tone, "Here, here! are their trail!" They had been several hours far within the range where every stream and ridge was known to Conrad, whose inward agony of mind increased at every moment, as in following the steps of his wary leader, and saw him advancing in the direct course towards the home of his parents and sister. He was almost provoked at the cool and undisturbed behaviour of Lewis, but the dreadful appearances made him completely submissive to the orders which were given with a confidence which inspired hope in the very face of despair.

I have already told you, my children, that the evening was heavy, and the night unusually dark. That darkness closed upon the—I might say, angels of deliverance, some miles short of Mayer's cabin. It was on the closing of light that any expression of impatience was shown by Lewis.

"Must these villains escape?" The expression was lofty, and calculated to alarm Conrad; but the long tried warrior repaired his mistake with admirable quickness by adding, "till to-morrow morning," whispering at the same time, that "It is not the custom of the *Ingens* to attack only at break of day."

Still they advanced slow, silent, and listening at every few steps. For some hours the wind enabled Lewis to keep his course, but when that guide failed, and the black and covered sky hid every star, the bark of the trees were felt.

"In any common case," again whispered Lewis, "maybe I could find my way, we must be near your father's and we may pass it, we must stop."

A sigh and shudder was all the answer Conrad could make, and they crouched down beside two trees. I need not say hours were weeks, as both their faces were turned to what they thought the east. It was an opening amongst the trees, which at last began to widen, the trunks and large branches began to appear. Lewis was just ready to say, "Break of day," but was prevented by Conrad springing to his feet exclaiming, "By heavens!" His loud expression was promptly and effectually arrested by the powerful hand of Wetzel, who almost jerked him off his feet.

Conrad, brought to himself, in a hurried but suppressed tone informed Lewis, that they were between two and three miles from his father's house, that the opening they saw was an abandoned settlement. They were on their way before Conrad had finished. Avoiding the open old field, they were soon on a cattle path, and in a few minutes, on rising a hill, the long drawn howl of the house dog was on the point of being answered by the two brute sharers of their march, but a touch of the ramrod reduced to complete silence the well-trained mastiffs. Their speed was every moment increased as the cry of the watchdog became more and more distinct.

Suddenly Lewis stopt, and, listening a second or two to the change of note of the dog, then most earnestly observed to Conrad—

"Now, my brave young man, follow my directions. Your house is surrounded by these savages; advance cautiously and do not fire unless sure of your mark. When you do fire, instantly retreat and reload; but of all things do not for any cause rush towards the house unless you see me."

The orders were here cut short; the death-scream of the dog, the equally terrible silence which followed, and then the rapid firing, and the screams of the females, put all farther delay out of question, and yet the never-disturbed peace of mind of Wetzel, as Conrad afterwards told me, had more the appearance of a man advancing on a wounded bear than on he knew not how many armed men. It was at the moment when a blow from a tomahawk sunk the brave old Mayer, that the voice of Lewis Wetzel was no longer heard in whispers, but echoed to the surrounding forest. "Conrad, your family is murdered. Revenge! revenge!"

and shouted his own name with a force almost beyond human. If an earthquake had burst beneath their feet, the effect would not have been more terrific on the minds of the *Ingens*, as he called them. They who yet survived rushed from the cabin, at the threshold of which two fell to their sleep of death, and the astonished Lewis saw only one flying savage. "You shall follow," as he gritted his teeth in rage, and darted after his, to him, certain prey. For once even the consumate skill of Wetzel was within a hair breadth of failing. The Indian's piece had not been discharged, and knowing that both white men had discharged their rifles, and finding himself pursued by only a single man, who was every step gaining upon him, the savage sprang to a tree. Lewis saw his error, and as the piece was raised he fell prostrate, at the instant the ball passed through his hunting shirt above his shoulder. The Indian was now in his power, but without discharging his piece he grasped it in his left hand, and in a few hundred yards the Indian was a corpse under his hatchet.

The sun had not yet risen when Lewis returned with wary steps towards the cabin. To the name of "Conrad," called in a voice louder and louder, no answer was given, and he finally reached the dreadful spot stained with the blood of six human beings. With his back to the fireplace stood Conrad, his eyes fixed in horror on the still breathing and weltering forms of his parents. To the friendly and now touching voice of Lewis no answer was given, and even Lewis himself, accustomed as he was to the dread horrors of savage war, could not avoid exclaiming, "Is all this real."

"Yes, real," replied Conrad, with a bursting sigh, "and my fault." A vast passionate flood of tears followed, but that flood was salutary. Conrad was restored to himself, if a man inflamed to almost the madness of rage could be said to be restored. "To the woods I fly with you, Lewis, the Indians' blood shall pay for this—but oh! Lewis—can I ask"—

"For the body of your sister," interrupted Lewis, "she is not dead, but a prisoner, in my opinion. Your horses are gone, for in returning to the house I had the caution to examine the stable, where the tracks of men and horses are plenty. It is all strange—very strange. There were more men on this murdering party than we have found. It is strange—very strange."

"They may be lurking near," replied Conrad.

"They are making their way to the Ohio," bitterly interrupted Lewis, "If I did not know these wolves I would not stand here. * * * *

Here Kingsley paused as his young auditory awaited the finishing of his story.

"I am talking about events in a different age from the present," at length he resumed.

Before the parley I have related, short as it was, was closed, Conrad Mayer had no living parent.

"I am alone! I am alone! Susan, my Susan, I follow thee."

"And I am with thee to the Shawnee towns," replied Wetzel, who commenced to place the dead bodies of Mayer and his wife side by side, covering them with the bed clothes, and after swallowing a few hasty morsels the two persevering warriors were again on their way in pursuit.

Lewis traced the horse tracks, which for several miles were found along a path towards where Waynesburg now stands, and then bent to the southwestward over the southern heads of Wheeling into the valley of Fish Creek. The tracks proved haste and the small puddles left where water courses were passed enabled Lewis to determine, as he vehemently expressed himself, that—

"These painted scoundrels are gaining from us."

In our days, when our *fine* young men must *ride* along good roads, and would shrink a a walk from Wheeling to Washington in Pennsylvania, you may well feel astonished when I tell you that with all the fatigue of the day and night before, Conrad Mayer and Lewis Wetzel were

again on the Ohio before night closed on their path; but they arrived only in time to find their objects of pursuit had crossed that great stream.

Arrived on the bank, Lewis, turning to his companion, observed—

Conrad, we must sleep, if we do sleep, on yonder bank.

"I'll be on that bank this night if I swim," replied Conrad.

"And swim you must, but we must take care of our arms. Conrad, had you or any of your family ever a worthless, cowardly enemy who fled from you to the Indians?"

The question was a volume at once to Conrad, who, clapping his hand to his forehead, reflected in silence for several minutes, and at length answered—

"Yes, there was one fellow, Ned Trash, from whom I won a hunt of deer skins at a shooting match, and afterwards knocked down for saying he intended to court Susan. He has been gone upwards of two years."

"And is the worst Shawnee in the towns, and has got your Susan without courting. The moment I saw the stable this morning I set down in my mind that the cowards who left their companions were not *Ingens*. Look at yon fire." And a fire was now distinctly seen amongst the trees on the opposite shore.

"Blood painted monsters," muttered Lewis, "you left a home flowing with blood this morning, and to-morrow morning your blood shall flow. My friend, Conrad, we'll cross the river, and do you take care of your rifle and your girl, your sister, or what you chose to call her, and I'll lead those new made *Ingens* a dance—never mind if I dont."

Though Conrad felt very much disposed to lead them a dance himself, his increasing confidence in his commander kept him silent and submissive. The river was passed, and as Lewis intended, they made land far enough below the savage camp to secure themselves from discovery. Short as was the distance, however, it was far in the night before the dying embers of their fire and the sleeping bodies of the enemy were seen by the two cautious hunters, who in their approach kept a deathlike silence. There was indeed but one sound of human voice which broke upon the dreary scene. That sound was the heart-broken and despairing aspirations of the captive girl. Though bred in a forest Susan Gray was reared tenderly. The first rude shock that marked her young days from the death of her parents, was one of utter destruction. The gray dawn of morning was the messenger of horror. The faint light broke over the eastern hills of Ohio,—broke over those native hills she dared not hope ever again to behold.

The greatest danger and no danger produces the same effects, says Zimmerman, quoting Count Lippe. Many are the instances I have known where that truth was shewn by Indian captives, and more than one when it proved their last defence.

With the dawn the savages arose; one sat gloomy and with a visage of more than Indian ferocity opposite to where the slightly bound captive was lying. Her eye caught the glance of the villain, and the effect was an exclamation of indignant contempt rather than that of what might in common cases be expected.

"You are Edward Trash—where are my father and mother?"

Though steeped in blood, Trash cowered under the glance of an angel and the voice of God, for what was she at this awful moment but the messenger of him whose eye pierces the thickest darkness.

"Yes!"—she reiterated. But her voice was lost in sounds equally the voice of Heaven.—Trash, like all cowards who shrink from the moral power, soon gain confidence when assured of the personal weakness of their opponents, sprang to his feet with an expression of rage and hatred which only a renegado ever can assume. What would have been his next act we can now never know. The whole scene was rapid as the flash and report of an impending thunder cloud, and followed by the report of a rifle and the dreadful name of Lewis Wetzel resounding along the Ohio.

Trash fell under the ball of Conrad, who with burning impatience awaited the signal to fire, a punishment he so wickedly won, and deserved. It may seem strange that Lewis did not also fire, but he was too good a warrior to give his enemies an advantage. His name, terrible to the real Indians, was tenfold more so to the Girtys and other whites, who, though never equal to the Indians in their mode of war, proved that the Shawnee could be far outdone in brutal cruelty. Urged as they were to flight by the avenger, the two unwounded captors of Susan gave to the pursuers an advantage, which on another occasion as well as on the present, was most effectually used by Lewis Wetzel. The two fugitives separated, or more distinctly, one outran the other, and left each to contend singlehanded with a man, that, perhaps, if in the woods of Ohio, and armed only with rifles, there was not then on the face of the earth, another who could have contended with the least probability of success. The wary Lewis in the outset did not exert his utmost powers of speed, but awaited the very effect I have noticed, but that effect once produced, every muscle was strained, and every moment the hindmost savage heard, or thought he heard, nearer and nearer the rapid tread of his pursuer.

Amongst the unequalled combination of qualities as a warrior, possessed by Lewis Wetzel,

one of the most remarkable was the skill with which he drew his enemy's fire—an advantage he scarce ever failed to obtain, and almost certain death was the consequence to his opponent, for an empty rifle in his hand was most dangerous to those thrown off their guard, and his ability of reloading in full retreat or advance, enabled him to deceive his adversary by actually throwing away his own fire, a stratagem he put in practice in the present pursuit. Before he could secure an unerring aim he halted and discharged his piece. The discharge and wheeling of the nearest savage was the work of a moment. Affecting to retreat in turn, the triumphant shouts of one enemy and sound of the rifle deceived the other, and both rushed on to expected victory —but certain destruction. The moments were few until Lewis was again ready to "*take tree*," but as he sprung behind one, the foremost *Ingen* contemptously shouted "Ingen not a fool."

"A doe skin would be too high a price for your wisdom," muttered Lewis, his eyes flashing like a tyger's, as he awaited the approaching monster.

"Empty gun, white man."

"Empty through your heart, murderer, once white man," passed threugh the gritting teeth of Lewis, and one frightful groan, the last of the renegado, seemed an echo to the sharp crack of the rifle.

The remaining monster in human form was now too far advanced to retreat with any safety, and, rendered desperate, it became now a real struggle for life and death, and had the enemy been truly an Indian, even the skill and activity of Wetzel might have failed. Both feeling that their blood depended on the issue, put every nerve and sinew to the strain. The disadvantage was fearfully on the side of Wetzel, and must have been fatal had his pursuer not been determined to make security more secure, reserved his fire awaiting a chance of discharging with certain aim Thus proceeded the race for a few hundred yards, when Lewis once more "*tree'd.*"

"You're a dead man," roared a thundering voice.

"H—l shall have one tenant more," seemed to come hoarsely from the bowels of the earth, as Lewis lay like a crouching lion. Not conceiving the possibilty of encountering a loaded rifle discharged not three minutes before, with dreadful oaths expressed in *good* or *bad* English as you choose, his adversary advanced.

"I'll know who this scoundrel is before I finish him," muttered Lewis, as he deliberately sent a ball through his left arm and shoulder, and dropping his rifle seized his tomahawk and rushed upon the fallen. "Never carelessly approach a wounded enemy," was a maxim Lewis, had good reason to remember, as he learned its wisdom from seeing a rifle muzzle raised and pointed to his breast. The rifle ball and his tomahawk passed each other in mid air. The ball passed harmless, but the hatchet lodged in the brain, and forever concealed the last of the captors of Susan Grey."

Here Kingsley stopped as if his tale was ended. Every hearer felt burning to know what became of Conrad and Susan, and at length finding the old historian silent, more than one voice rather impatiently breathed," and Conrad and Susan"--

"Reared a fine family of young Conrads and Susans," resumed Kingsley. They returned to see the fresh graves of their parents which had been laid in earth by a party of men the very day of their return. It was long before their hearts could again feel the gayity of former days, but time softened the memory of the past, and when the name of their eldest son, Wetzel Mayer, was pronounced, they remembered the warrior of the west, and many is the time the young Mayer ran to meet the coming warrior, and many is the time that Susan Mayer sent to heaven the breathings of innocence mingled with like aspirations from other mothers, for the preservation of the brown warrior sleeping in the far distant woods of Ohio or Muskingum.

The reader might view some of the incidents of the preceding tale as so far bordering on the marvellous as to be out of nature:--But there is not one incident but in some case or other really happened within forty miles of Wheeling between 1770 and 1795. The power of loading a rifle whilst running in woods was really possessed as represented in the person of Lewis Wetzel, and actually exercised not very materially different from the incidents related in the tale. My object has been to represent a Hunter Warrior as they were in fact, without putting slang and vulgar *patois* in his mouth, never used by him. I was bred among the hunter warriors, and have seen and heard them in all situations, except that of war. I have seen them serious and sad, and have seen them in their hours of revelry, and when shouldering their rifle for chace and war.

MARK BANCROFT.

THE FAMOUS CAPTIVITY AND SUFFERINGS OF FREEGIFT PATCHIN, AMONG THE INDIANS, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

In the year 1780, myself as well as the whole population about the region of old Schoharie, were held in readiness by Col. Peter Vrooman, as minute-men, to be ready at a moment's warning, as the tories and Indians were a watchful and cruel enemy. Around the region of the head of the Delaware river, it was suspected there were persons who favored the cause of the British; a small company of men, therefore, were sent out as spies upon them; and also

if possible, to make a quantity of maple sugar, as an abundance of maple grew there.

Of this little company, Captain Alexander Harper had the command Fourteen persons were all that were sent out, among whom was myself, Isaac Patchin, my brother, Ezra Thorp, Lieutenant Henry Thorp and Major Henry.

It was early in the month of April—the second day of the month—when we came to the place of rendezvous, a distance from the Forts of Schoharie of about thirty miles. A heavy snow storm came on, during which about three feet of snow fell, in addition to that which was on the ground before.

We were not in the least apprehensive of danger, as the nearest Fort of the enemy was at Niagara; knowing also that Sullivan, the year before, had scoured the Chemung and Genesee countries, killed or driven the Indians to Canada; also as it was winter, and the snow very deep, we supposed were circumstances of sufficient magnitude to prevent marauding parties effectually from approaching from that quarter, at that peculiar time.

We had *tapped*, as the sugar making phrase is, a great number of trees, finding the proper utensils at hand, as they had been before occupied in the same way, by the inhabitants, who were fled to other places for safety. A few hundred pounds of maple sugar, would have been a great acquisition, as the inmates of the Forts were in want of all things; having been compelled to flee from their homes to Schoharie and other places of safety.

We had proceeded in our enterprise of sugar making, as merrily as the fatiguing nature of the business would permit, a few days, when, on the 7th of April, 1780, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, we were suddenly beset and surrounded by forty-three Indians and seven tories. The names of the tories I forbear to mention, except two or three, of whom the reader will hear in the course of the narrative, the rest I have thought proper not to name, as their descendants are not chargeable with the misguided acts of their fathers; and it is not my wish at this time of day to cast reflections and grieve the innocent.

So silent had been the approach of the enemy, that three of our number lay weltering in their blood, before I, or any of the rest knew they were among us, as we were scattered here and there, busy with our work. I was not far from our captain, when I saw the Indians first, who was accosted by Brant, their leader, as follows:—"Harper, I am sorry to find you here." Why, said Harper, Captain Brant, are you sorry? "Because, he rejoined, I *must* kill you, though we were school mates in youth." When he lifted and flourished his tomahawk over his head, ready to execute the deed, but suddenly, as if paralyzed by a stroke of magic, stopped this act of murder, as if some new and important thought had crossed his mind—when he gazed at Harper with an eye as keen and deadly as a serpent, saying, "Are there any troops at the Forts in Schoharie?" Harper perceived in a moment, that the answer to this question would either save their lives or procure their instant death; for if he should say *No*, which would have been the truth, the Indians would have instantly killed them all, and then proceeded to Old Schoharie, massacreing as they went, and cut off the whole inhabitants before help could have been had from any quarter, and the enemy, as a wolf, when the morning appears flees with the shades of night.

Accordingly, he answered, "There are three hundred continental troops now at the Forts, who arrived there about three days since." But the whole of this statement was untrue; yet who will condemn the captain, and say the act would need much repentance, ere it should have obtained forgiveness.

On hearing this, the countenance of Brant fell, when he waved his hand, a signal to the chiefs; stopped the massacre, and called a council of war; all of which, from the time Brant had brandished his hatchet over the head of Harper, had been but the work of a moment.

The eleven survivors were seized, pinioned, and turned altogether into a hog pen, where they were kept till morning. A guard of tories, with one Becraft by name, at their head, was set over them in the pen, a bloody villain, as will appear in the course of this account.

All night Brant and his warriors, with the tories, were in fierce consultation whether the prisoners should be put to death, or taken alive to Niagara. The chiefs appeared swayed by Brant, whose influence prevailed over the whole opposition of the murderous crew; there was a reason for this, as will appear by and by.

While this question was pending, we could see plainly their every act through the chinks of the pen, as a monstrous fire was in their midst, and hear every word, though none of us understood their language but our captain, whose countenance we could perceive, by the light of the fire, from time to time changing with the alternate passions of hope and fear, while the sweat ran copiously down his face, from the mere labor of his mind, although it was a cold night. And added to this, the sentry, the bloody Becraft, who was set as a guard, would every now and then cry out to us, "You will all be in *hell* before morning." But there we were, tied neck and heels, or we would have beat the pen about his head; our captain whispered to us that his word was doubted by the Indians and tories, who were for killing us, and proceeding without delay to Schoharie.

At length the morning came, when Brant and his associate chiefs, five in number, ordered that Harper be brought before them. Here the question was renewed by Brant, who said, We

are suspicious that you have lied to us; at the same time he sternly looked Harper in the face, to see if a muscle moved with fear or prevarication. To which our captain answered with a smile, expressive of confidence and scorn, and at the same time descriptive of the most sincere and unvarying honesty, that every word which he had spoken, respecting the arrival of troops at Schoharie, was wholly *true*. His answer was believed; at which moment not only their own lives were saved, but also those of hundreds of men, with helpless women and children, who have not known to this day, except to the few to whom the story has been told, that so great a Providence stepped in between them and servitude, tortures and death.

It was extremely mortifying to Brant to be compelled to relinquish, at the very moment when he was ready to grasp the utmost of his wish, in the glory and riches he would have acquired in the completion of his enterprise. He had fed the hopes and wishes of his associate chiefs, warriors and tories with the same prospects; having calculated, from information long before received, that Schoharie was in a defenceless state, and dreaded no evil, which rendered it extremely difficult to restrain them from killing the prisoners, out of mere fury at the disappointment. A few moments of consultation ensued, when the rest were ordered out of the pen. Brant now disclosed the whole plan of the expedition in English, expressing his regret at its failure, stating that he and the other chiefs had with difficulty saved them from being scalped. And that he did not wish to kill them in cold blood now, they had been together a day and a night, and if they chose to go with him to Niagara as captives of war, they might, but if they failed on the way through fatigue or the want of food, they must not expect to live, as their scalps were as good for him as their bodies.

They had no provisions with them, neither had they eat any thing as yet while we had been their prisoners, except what they had found in our sap-bush, which they had at first devoured with the rapacity of cannibals. We now took up our line of march, with our arms strongly pinioned, our shoulders sorely pressed with enormous packs, our hearts bleeding at the dreadful journey before us, and the servitude we were exposed to undergo among the Indians; or if *bought* by the British, imprisonment by sea or land, was our certain fate, at least till the end of the war, if we even survived the journey.

The snow was then more than three feet deep, and being soft, rendered it impossible for us prisoners to travel, as we had no snow shoes, but the Indians had: a part, therefore, went before us, and a part behind, all in Indian file: so by keeping their tracks we were enabled to go on, but if we happened to fall down the Indians behind would cry out, "*waugh Bostona.*" We had travelled about ten or twelve miles, when we came to a gristmill, situated on the Delaware, the owner of which welcomed this band of infernals, and gave them such refreshment as was in his power; but to us poor prisoners, he gave nothing, while we were made to sit apart on a log by the side of the road.

I shall never forget the cruelty of three or four daughters of this man, whose name I forbear to mention, out of pity to his descendants. These *girls* insisted that they had better kill us *then*, for if, by any means, we should ever get back, their own lives would be taken by the whigs; their father also observed to Brant that he had better have taken more scalps and less prisoners. When we were ready to proceed again, the miller gave Brant about three bushels of shelled corn, which was divided into eleven equal parts, and put upon our backs, already too heavily burdened. This corn was all the whole body of Indians and ourselves had to subsist upon from there to Niagara, except that which accidentally might fall in our way, a distance of more than three hundred miles, entirely a wilderness.

From this mill we travelled directly down the river; we had not, however, gone many miles, when we met a man who was a tory, well known to Brant, by name Samuel Clockstone; who seeing us the prisoners, was surprised, as he knew us, when Brant related to him his adventure, and how he had been defeated by the account captain Harper had given of the troops lately arrived at Schoharie. *Troops!* said Clockstone; there are no troops at that place, you may rely upon it captain Brant. I have heard of none. In a moment the *snake* eyes of Brant flashed murder, and running to Harper, said in a voice of unrestrained fury, his hatchet vibrating about his head like the tongue of a viper; how came you to lie to me so! When Harper, turning round to the tory, said, you know, Mr. Clockstone, I have been there but four days since; you know since our party was stationed at the head of the river, at the sap-bush, that I have been once to the Forts alone, and there were troops, as I have stated, and if Capt. Brant disbelieves it he does it at his peril.

That Harper had been there, as he stated, happened to be true, which the tory also happened to know; when he replied, yes, I know it. All the while Brant had glared intensely on the countenance of Harper, if possible to discover some misgiving there, but all was firm and fair; when he again believed him, and resumed his march.

There was a very aged man by the name of Brown, who had not gone off with the rest of the families who had fled the country. This miserable old man, with two grand sons, mere lads, were taken by Brant's party, and compelled to go prisoners with us. The day after our meeting with the tory, as above noticed, this old old man, who was entirely bald from age, became too weary to keep up with the rest, and requested that he might be permitted to return,

and alleged as a reason, that he was too old to take part in the war, and therefore could do the king's cause no harm.

At this request, instead of answering him, a halt was made, and the man's pack was taken from him,—when he spoke in a low voice to his grand sons, saying, that he should see them no more, for they are going to kill me; this he knew, being acquainted with the manners of the Indians. He was now taken to the rear of the party, and left in the care of an Indian, whose face was painted entirely black, as a token of his office, which was kill and scalp any of the prisoners who might give out on the way. In a short time the Indian came on again with the bald scalp of the old man, dangling at the end of his gun, hitched in between the ramrod and muzzle. This he often flapped in the boys' faces on the journey. The place at which this was done, was just on the point of a mountain not far from where Judge Foot used to live, on the Delaware, below Delhi. There he was left, and doubtless devoured by wild animals; human bones were afterwards found on that part of the mountain.

We pursued our way down the Delaware, till we came to the Cook-house, suffering very much night and day, from the tightness of the cords with which our arms were bound. From this place we crossed through the wilderness, over hills and mountains, the most dismal and difficult to be conceived of, till we came to a place called Ochquago, on the Susquehannah river, which had been an Indian settlement before the war. Here they constructed several rafts out of logs, which they fastened together by withes and poles passing crosswise, on which, after untieing us, we were placed, themselves managing to steer. These soon floated us down as far as the mouth of the Chemung river, where we disembarked and were again tied, taking up our line of march for the Genesee country.

The Indians we found, were more capable of sustaining fatigue than we were, and easily out travelled us, which circumstance would have led to the loss of our lives, had not a singular Providence interfered to save us; this was the indisposition of Brant, who, every other day, for a considerable time, fell sick, so that the party were compelled to wait for him, this gave opportunity for to rest ourselves.

Brant's sickness was an attack of the fever and ague, which he checked by the use of a preparation from the rattlesnake, The rattlesnake he caught on the side of a hill facing the south, on which the sun shone, and had melted away the snow from the mouth of their dens; when, it appears, one had crawled out, being invited by the warmth. The reader will also observe that about a fortnight had now elapsed from the time of their captivity, so that the season was farther advanced; and added, to this, the snow is sooner melted on the Chemung, in Pennsylvania, being farther south, by about three degrees, than the head of the Delaware, yet in places even then, there was snow on the ground, and in the woods it was still deep. Of this snake he made a soup, which operated as a cure to the attack of the ague.

The reader will remember the three bushels of corn given at the mill; this they fairly and equally divided among us all, which amounted to two handfuls a day, and that none should have more or less than another, while it lasted, the corns were counted as we received them; in this respect Brant was just and kind. This corn we were allowed to boil in their kettles, when the Indians had finished theirs; we generally contrived to pound it before we boiled it, as we had found a mortar at a deserted wigwam left by the Indians the year before, who had been driven away by Gen. Sullivan. While in the neighborhood of what is now called Tioga Point, we but narrowly escaped every man of us being butchered on the spot; a miracle, as it were, saved us. The cause was as follows:—At this place, when Brant was on his way down the Chemung, on this same expedition, but a few days before, he had detached eleven Indians from his company, to pass through the woods from Tioga Point to a place called the Minisink. It was known to Brant that at this place were a few families, where it was supposed several prisoners might be made, or scalps taken, which at Niagara would fetch them eight dollars apiece. This was the great stimulus by which the Indians in the Revolution were incited by *Butler*, the British agent, to perpetrate so many horrid murders upon women, children, and helpless old age, in this region of country.

This party made good their way to the Minisink, when lying concealed in the woods, they managed to get into their possession one after another, five lusty men, and had brought them as far as to the east side of the Susquehannah, opposite Tioga Point. Here they encamped for the night, intending in the morning to construct a raft, in order to float themselves over the river, as they had done on their way toward the Minisink, a few days before, and so pursue their way up the Chemung, which course was the great thoroughfare of the Indians from the Susquehannah country to that of the Genesee.

Here, while the eleven Indians, lay fast asleep, being greatly fatigued, and apprehending no danger, as the prisoners were securely bound, and also sleeping soundly, as the Indians supposed, before they laid themselves down; but as the soul of one man, the prisoners were ever watching some opportunity to escape.

But this was not possible, even if they could have made their escape, unless they should first have effected the death of the whole of the party of Indians. This object therefore was their constant aim. This night, by some means unknown, one of the prisoners got loose, doubt-

less, either by knawing off his cord, or by chafing it in two as he lay on it, or during the day had managed to hitch it as often as he could against the snags of the trees, till it had become fretted and weak, in some place, so that at last he got it in two. When this was effected, he silently cut the cords of his fellows, the Indians sleeping exceedingly sound; when each man took a hatchet, and in a moment nine of them received their blades, to their handles, in their brains; but the sound of the blows, in cutting through the bone of their heads, awaked the other two, who sprung upon their feet as quick as thought, when one of them, as they fled, received the blade of a hatchet between his shoulders, which, however, did not kill him, nor prevent his escape—yet he was terribly wounded. These men, who had so heroically made their escape, returned, as was supposed, to their homes to relate to their families and posterity the perils of that dreadful night.

After they had gone, the two Indians returned to the spot, where lay their ruthless but unfortunate companions, fast locked not only in the sleep of the night, but that of death, never more to torment the ear of civilized life with the death yells of their sepulchral throats. They took from the feet of their slaughtered friends, their mocasins, nine pair in number, and then constructed a float of logs, on which they crossed the river, and had proceeded a little way up the Chemung, where they had built a hut, and the well Indian was endeavoring to cure his wounded companion.

When the whooping of the party of Indians to whom we were prisoners, struck his ear, he gave the *death yell*, which rung on the dull air as the scream of a demon, reverberating, in doleful echoes, up and down the stream; at which the whole body made a halt, and stood in mute astonishment, not knowing what this could mean; when directly the two Indians made their appearance, exhibiting the nine pair of mocasins, and relating in the Indian tongue, which Harper understood, the death of their companions. In a moment, as if transformed to devils, they threw themselves into a great circle around us, exhibiting the most horrid gestures, gnashing their teeth like a gang of wolves ready to devour, brandishing their tomahawks over us, as so many arrows of death. But here let it be spoken to the praise of a Divine Providence,—at the moment when we had given ourselves up as lost—the very Indian, who was a chief, and had been the only one of the eleven who had escaped unhurt, threw himself into the midst of the ring, and with a shake of his hand gave the signal of silence, when he plead our cause, by simply saying, these are not the men who killed our friends, and to take the life of the innocent in cold blood, *cannot* be right.

As it happened, this Indian knew us all, for he had lived about Schoharie before the war, and was known as an inoffensive and kind hearted native, but when the war came on, had seen fit to join the British Indians; his words had the desired effect, arrested the mind of Brant, and soothed to composure the terrific storm, that a moment before had threatened to destroy us.

Again we resumed our course, bearing with considerably more patience and fortitude the anguish of our sufferings, than it is likely we should have done, had our lives not been preserved from a greater calamity, just described. We soon came to Newtown, where we were nearly at the point of starvation, Indians and all, as we had nothing to eat, except a handful or two of corn a day; and what the end would have been is not hard to foresee, had not the amazing number of wolf tracks remaining, directed us to the carcass of a dead horse. The poor brute had been left to take care of itself, the summer before, by Sullivan, in his march to the Indian country, being unfit for further service as a pack horse.—Here, on the commons of nature, which during the summer and fall, it is likely, produced an abundance of pasturage, but when winter came on, and rendered it impossible for the poor worn out animal, to take care of itself—death came to its relief. That it had lived till the winter had become severe, was evident,

from its not being in the least degree putrescent, but was completely frozen, it having been buried in the snow during the winter.

The wolves had torn and gnawed the upper side quite away, but not being able to turn the carcass over, it was sound and entire on the under side. This we seized upon, rejoicing as at the finding of hidden treasures; it was instantly cut to pieces, bones, head and hoofs, and equally divided among the whole.—Fires were built, at which we roasted and eat, without salt, each his own share, with the highest degree of satisfaction.

Near this place we found the famous *Painted Post*, which is now known over the whole continent, to those conversant with the early history of our country; the origin of which was as follows. Whether it was in the revolution, or in the Dunmore battles with the Indians, which commenced in Virginia, or in the French war, I do not know; an Indian chief, on this spot, had been victorious in battle, killed and took prisoners to the number of about sixty. This event he celebrated by causing a tree to be taken from the forest and hewed four square, painted red, and the number he killed, which was twenty-eight, represented across the post in black paint, without any heads, but those he took prisoners, which was thirty, were represented with heads on, in black paint, as the others. This post he erected, and thus handed down to posterity, an account that here a battle was fought, but by whom, and who the sufferers were, is covered in darkness, except that it was between the whites and Indians.

This post will probably continue as long as the country shall remain inhabited, as the citizens heretofore have uniformly replaced it with a new one, exactly like the original, whenever it has become decayed.

Nothing more of note happened to us, till we came to the Genesee river, except a continued state of suffering. We passed along between the Chemung and the heads of the lakes Cayuga and Seneca, leaving the route of Sullivan, and went over the mountains farther north. These mountains, as they were very steep and high, being covered with brush, our bodies weak and emaciated, were almost insurmountable; but at length we reached the top of the last and highest, which overlooks immeasurable wilds, the ancient abode of men and nations unknown, whose history is written only in the dust.

Here we halted to rest, when the tory Becraft, took it in his head to boast of what he had done in the way of murder, since the war began. He said that he and others had killed some of the inhabitants of Schoharie, and that among them was the family of one Vrooman. These, he said, they soon despatched, except a boy of about fourteen years of age, who fled across the flat, toward the Schoharie river. I took after the lad, said the tory, and although he ran like a spirit, I soon overtook him, and putting my hand under his chin, laid him back on my thigh, though he struggled hard, cut his throat, scalped him, and hung the body across the fence. This made my blood run cold; vengeance boiled through every vein, but we dare not say a word to provoke our enemies, as it would be useless. This man, however, got his due, in a measure, after the war was over: which will be related at the end of this account.

Another of them, by the name of *Barney Cane*, boasted that he had killed one Major Hopkins, on Dimon Island, in lake George. A party of pleasure, as he stated, had gone to this island on a sailing excursion, and having spent more time than they were aware of, before they were ready to return, concluded to encamp, and remain all night, as it would be impossible for them to return to the fort.

From the shore where we lay hid, it was easy to watch their motions; and perceiving their defenceless situation, as soon as it was dark, we set off for the island, where we found them asleep by their fire, and discharged our guns among them. Several were killed, among whom was one woman, who had a sucking

child, which was not hurt. This we put to the breast of its dead mother, and so we left it. But Major Hopkins was only wounded, his thigh bone being broken; he started from his sleep to a rising posture, when I struck him, said Barney Cane, with the but of my gun, on the side of his head, he fell over, but caught on one hand; I then knocked him the other way, when he caught with the other hand; a third blow, and I laid him dead. These were all scalped except the infant. In the morning, a party from the fort went and brought away the dead, together with one they found alive, although he was scalped, and the babe, which was hanging and sobbing at the bosom of its lifeless mother.

Having rested ourselves and our tantalizing companions having finished the stories of their *infamy*, we descended the mountains toward the Genesee which we came in sight of the next day about two o'clock. Here we were met by a small company of natives, who had come to the flats of the Genesee, for the purpose of *corn planting*, as soon as the waters of the river should fall sufficiently to drain the ground of its water. These Indians had with them a very beautiful horse, which Brant directed to be cut to pieces in a moment, and divided equally, without dressing, or any such fashionable delay, which was done; no part of the animal whatever, being suffered to be lost. There fell to each man of the company but a small piece, which we roasted, using the *white* ashes of our fires as salt, which gave it a delicious relish; this Brant himself showed us how to do.

On these flats were found infinite quantities of ground nuts, a root in form and size about equal to a musket ball; which, being roasted, became exceedingly mealy and sweet. These, together with our new acquisition of horse flesh, formed a delicious repast.

From this place Brant sent a runner to Niagara, a distance of about eighty miles, in order to inform the garrison of his approach, and of the number of prisoners he had, their name and quality. This was a most humane act of Brant, as by this means he effected the removal of all the Indian warriors in the two camps contiguous to the fort.

Brant was in possession of a secret respecting Harper, which he had carefully concealed in his own breast during the whole journey, and, probably, in the very first instance, at the time when he discovered that Harper was his prisoner, operated by influencing him, if possible, to save his life. This secret consisted in a knowledge that there was then in the fort a British officer who had married a *niece* of Harper, Jane More, whose mother was the sister of Captain Harper. This girl, together with her mother and a sister, had been captured at the massacre of Cherry Valley, and taken to Niagara. This information was conveyed by the means of the runner, to the husband of Jane More, Captain Powel, who, when the girl was first brought by Butler and his Indians, a prisoner to the fort, loved, courted, and honorably married the girl.

Now, if Powell wished to save the life of his wife's uncle, he had the opportunity, by doing as Brant had suggested—that was, to send the warriors of both camps down the lake to the Nine Mile Landing, with the expectation of meeting Brant there, whose prisoners would be given into their hands, to be dealt with as the genius of their natures and customs might suggest. Accordingly, Powel told his wife that her uncle was among the prisoners of Brant, who had sent him word, and that the warriors *must* be sent away; to whom he gave a quantity of rum, as they thought, to aid in the celebration of their infernal powwows, at the Nine Mile Landing, having obtained the consent of his superior, Col. Butler, to do so.

Brant had concealed, from both his Indians and tories, as well as from the prisoners, that Powel, at the fort, was Harper's relative, or that he had made the above arrangement. The reader may probably wish to know *why* the warriors in those two camps *must* be sent away, in order to save the lives of the prisoners.

All persons acquainted with Indian customs, in time of war, know very well that the unhappy wretch, who falls into their hands at such a time, is compelled to run what is called the gauntlet, between two rows of Indians, composed of warriors, old men, women and children, who, as the prisoner flies between, if possible, to reach a certain point assigned, called a council house, or a fort, receives from every one who can reach him, a blow with the fist, club, hatchet, or knife, and even wadding fired into their bodies, so that they generally die with their wounds before they reach the appointed place, though they struggle with all the violence of hope and despair.

We had now, on the fourth day after the runner had been sent, arrived within about two miles of Niagara, when the tories began to tell us the danger we soon were to be exposed to, in passing those two Indian encampments, which, till then, we knew nothing of; this difficulty they were careful to describe in the most critical manner; so that every step, although so near our journey's end, when we hoped at last to have our hunger satisfied, was as the steps of the wretch condemned to die. But on coming to the *first* encampment, what was our surprise and joy at finding nothing there capable of injuring us, but a few old women and children, who had indeed formed themselves as before described.—However, one old squaw coming, up in a very friendly manner, saluted *me*, by saying, poor *shild*, poor *shild*, when she gave me a blow, which, as I was tired, could not be parried, that nearly split my head in two.

But now the desired fort, although it was to be our prison house, was seen through the opening woods. I had come to within about five rods of the gateway, still agonizing under the effects of the old squaw's blow, when a young savage, about twelve years old, came running with a hatchet in his hand, directly up to me, and seizing hold of the *petumb lie*, or cord, by which I was tied, twitched me round, so that we faced each other, when he gave me a blow exactly between my eyes on the forehead, that nearly dropped me dead, as I was weak and faint, the blood spouted out at a dreadful rate, when a soldier snatched the little demon's hatchet, and flung it into the lake. Whether Brant was rewarded over and above the eight dollars, (which was the stipulated price per head,) for Harper, or not, I cannot tell; but as was most natural to suppose, there was on the part of himself and neice, great joy on so unexpectedly falling in with friends and relations, in the midst of enemies, and on the part of Powell, respect and kindness was shown to Harper, on account of the lovely Jane, who had become a talisman of peace between them.

We had scarcely arrived, when we were brought to the presence of a number of British officers of the crown, who blazed in all the glory of military habiliments; and among them, as chief, was the bloated, insolent, unprincipled, cruel, infamous *Butler*, whose name will *stink* in the recollections of men, to be the latest page of American history; because it was him who directed, rewarded, and encouraged the operation of the Indians and tories all along from Canada to the state of Delaware. This man commenced, in a very abusive manner, to question us respecting the American affairs; and addressing me in particular, probably because nearer me than any of the rest whether I did not think that, by and by, his Indians would compel a general surrender of the Yankees? I replied to him in as modest a manner as possible, not feeling in a mood of repartee, as the blood from the wound in my forehead still continued to trickle down my face, covering my vest and bosom with blood, that I did not wish to say any thing about it, nor to give offence to any one. But he would not excuse me; still insisting that I should say whether I did not think so; to which I firmly replied —feeling what blood and spirit there were yet remaining in me, to rouse a little— that if I *must* answer him, it was to say NO; and that he might as well think to

empty the lake of its waters at a bucket full a time, as to conquer the Yankee in that way. At which he burst out in a violent manner, calling me a *dam'd rebel*, for giving him such an insolent answer, and ordered me out of his sight; but here, when ready to sink to the floor, (not from any thing the huge bulk of flesh had said to me, but from hunger, weariness, and the loss of blood,) a noble hearted officer interposed, saying to Butler, "The lad is not to blame, as you have compelled him to answer your question, which no doubt he has done, according to the best of his judgment. Here, poor fellow, take this glass of wine and drink." Thus the matter ended. [Here the old General wept, at the recollection of so much kindness, where he expected none.]

We were now given over to the care of a woman, Nancy Bundy by name, who had been ordered to prepare us a soup, made of proper materials, who was not slow to relieve our distress as far as she dare, as she was also a prisoner. But taking off the belt which I had worn around my body, as the manner of the Indians is, to keep the wind out of the stomach, it appeared that I was ready to disown my own body, had I not been convinced by my other sense that there was no mistake.

I will just give the reader a short account of this woman, as I received it from herself. She stated that herself, her husband and two children, were captured at the massacre of Wyoming, by the Butlers, Indians, and tories, and brought to the Genesee country, then entirely inhabited by the natives. There she had been parted from her husband, the Indians carrying him she knew not where, but to some other and distant tribe. She had not been long in the possession of the tribe, with whom she had been left, after her husband was taken from her, when the Indian who had taken her prisoner, addressed her, and was desirous of making her his wife; but she repulsed him, saying very imprudently, she had one husband, and it would be unlawful to have more than one. This seemed to satisfy him, and I saw him no more for a long time; but after a while he came again, and renewed his suit, alleging that now there was no objection to her marrying him, as her husband was dead, for, said the Indian, I found where he was, and have killed him. I then told him if he had killed my husband he might kill me also, for I would not marry a murderer. When he saw I was resolute, and that his person was hateful in my sight, he took and tied me, and brought me to this place, and sold me for eight dollars. But where my husband is buried, or whether he is buried at all, or where my children are, I cannot tell; but whether she ever returned to the states again, is beyond my knowledge.

From this prison, after being sold to the British garrison for eight dollars a head, we were sent across the lake to Carlton Island, from this place down to the Cedars, from the Cedars we were transported from place to place, till at length were permanently lodged in the prison at Chamblee. Here we were put in irons, and remained two years, suffering every thing but death, for want of clothes, fire, food, medicine, exercise and pure air. At length, from the weight and inconvenience of my irons, I became so weak that I could not rise from the floor, when my fellow sufferer, Thorp, who was not as badly off as myself, used to help me up.

The physician appointed to have the care of the prisoners, whose name was Pendergrass, paid but little attention to his charge, seldom visiting us, but never examining closely into our situation; consequently a description of my horrid condition would afflict the reader, on which account I forbear it. At length, however, this physician was removed, and another put in his place, of an entirely contrary character; he was humane, inquisitive, industrious, and skilful.

When he came first to that part of the prison where myself and about twenty others were confined, the captain of the fort came with him, when the doctor proceeded, one by one, to examine us, instead of giving us a general look only, as the other had done. The place where I sat was quite in one corner. I had

chosen it, because it was the darkest, and served to hide me from observation more than other parts of the room. I had contrived to get into my possession an old rug of some sort, which partly hid my naked limbs; this I kept over my lap, in the best possible manner.

After a while, it became my turn to be examined; when he said, Well, my lad, what is the matter with you? From shame and fear lest he would witness the loathsome predicament which I was in, I said, Nothing, sir. Well, then, said he, get up. I cannot, sir, said I. He then took the end of his cane, and putting it under the blanket that was partly over me, and served to hide me from my waist downward, and threw it quite from me. When a spectacle of human suffering presented itself, such as he had not dreamed of seeing. I had fixed my eyes steadily on his face, to see if aught of pity moved his breast; which I knew I could trace in his countenance, if any appeared. He turned pale; a frown gathered on his brow, the curl of his lip denoted wrath; when he turned round to the captain of the fort, whose name was Steel, and, looking sternly at him, said, in a voice of thunder, "You infamous villain, in the name of God, are you murdering people alive *here;* send for your provost sergeant in a moment, and knock off that *poor fellow's* span shackles, or I will *smash* you in a moment!"

O, this language was balm to my wound; was oil to my bleeding heart; it was the voice of sympathy, of determined mercy, and immediate relief. I had a soldier's heart, which shrunk not; a fountain of tears; I had none in the hour of battle; but now they rushed out amain, as if anxious to behold the man who, by his goodness, had drawn them from their deep seclusion.

An entire change of situation now took place; our health was recovered, which rendered my imprisonment quite tolerable. From this place, after a while, we were sent to Rebel Island, or Cutodelack, or Cutthroat Island, where we remained a year, when peace was declared. We were now sent to Montreal; then to Quebec; and then put on board a cartel ship, and sent round to Boston; though before we reached that place, we were driven out to sea in a storm, and nearly shipwrecked, suffering exceedingly; but at last arrived at the desired haven; where I once more set foot on my native land, and rejoiced that it was a land of liberty and Independence.

As fast as possible we made the best of our way to Old Schoharie, which was our home, after an absence of three years, during which I suffered much, as well as my companions, for the love of my country; which, under the blessing of heaven, I have enjoyed these many years.

The reader will recollect *Becraft*, the tory, who stood sentry over us during the first night of our captivity, in the sap bush, who boasted he had cut the throat of a boy of the Vrooman family—this man had the audacity to return after the war to Old Schoharie, the scene of his villanies.

As soon as it was known, a number of persons properly qualified to judge his case; having, during their captivity, tasted a little of his ability to distress and tantalize unnecessarily; and remembering his deeds, which he had confessed boastingly on the mountains of the Genesee—hastened there and surrounded the house where he was. Two or three of the number, who were deeply indebted to his philanthropy, as need be, knocked at the door, and were bidden to come in; when the redoubtable gentleman arose, respectfully inquiring after their health, and offering his hand; the compliment was returned by a hearty and determined clench of his shoulders, by which he had the opportunity of making progress without the use of *hydraulic* or locomotive power, as far as to a very ominous *staddle*, which stood not far off, in a beautiful grove of hickory. There were ten persons in number, who composed this jury, and though they lacked two of the legal quantum, understood the case equally well nevertheless; and as five of them happened to be left handed, and five who could swing the

right honorable arm full as adroitly, were an assortment of kind and character.

Becraft was stripped of the habiliments that covered a skin which shrouded a heart in which dwelt a spirit as bad as the devil's worst, and tied him to this clean smooth staddle, as fair an one as grew in the forrest. Ten fine excoriators, (gads,) were taken from the generous redundancy of the axe-handle tree, (hickory) and given to each of those right and left-handed gentlemen; who, after binding the culprit, to save him the trouble of running away from the said staddle, began, after dividing themselves in due form, so that a circle was formed quite around him, to do as the spirit of the occasion might lead their minds.

Fifty lashes were declared by them a suitable expiation, to be placed upon the bare back, in such a manner as strength, and the exigency of the case, most rigorously demanded. Now, in the hour of judgment, a tenfold apparatus, that had the *pliancy* of examining the subject quite around, endeavored to awake into life a *conscience* that had died an unnatural death, some years before.

A very commendable care, in resuscitating this invaluable principle, was taken, at the dawn of its opening into life, to inculcate what *particular* crime it was that had operated with such deleterious influence; and now, through the smarting medium of what is esteemed a *corrective*, as well as a *coercive*—an attempt was making not only to enliven the *conscience*, but to fix the affrighted *memory* on the horrible points *most* prominent in his life of depravity.

Now commenced the work of retribution. The first *ten* lashes played around him like the fiery serpents of the Great Saharah, hissing horror, when they said, "Becraft, it is for being a tory, when your country claimed the services of those it had nurtured on its bosom, *you*, like a traitor, stabbed it to the heart, as far as your arm had power." The second *ten* lashes came with augmented violence, as if the arrows of vengeance were drinking deep of life's keenest sensations: Becraft! it is for aiding in the massacre of those who were your neighbors, the Vrooman family. A third series of *ten* lashes at a time, lapped their doleful hissing around his infamous body, as if Vulcan, from the infernal regions, had supplanted the hickory rods with tissues of red hot iron; Becraft, it for the murder of that helpless boy, the son of Vrooman, whom you scalped and hung on the fence.

A fourth quantum of ten lashes at once, played around him as if the lightnings of some frowning cloud, streaming its direful fury at one selected victim, tearing anew, and entering deep into the quivering flesh; Becraft, it is for taunts jeers, and insults, when certain persons well known to you were captives among a savage enemy, which marked you as a dastardly wretch, fit only for contempt and torture, such as is *now* bestowed on your infamous body.

Fifth and last series, of ten lashes at a time, as if the keen sword, hot from the armory of an independent and indignant people had sundered the wretched body, one part to the zenith, the other to the nadir: Becraft, it is for coming again to the bosom of that country upon which you have spit the venom of hate, and thus added insult to injury, never to be forgotten.

Here they untied him, with this injunction—to flee the country, and never more return, to blast, with his presence, so pure an atmosphere as that where liberty and independence breathe and triumph. With which, it was supposed, he complied, as he has never been known in these parts since. He expressed his gratitude that he had been so gently dealt with, acknowledging his conduct to have been worthy of capital punishment.

It is proper to state that General Patchin, whose narrative the reader is now acquainted with, is no more, having died at his estate in Blenheim, Schoharie county, a very short time after this account was written, 1830. He was a man of amiable manners, beloved and respected by his neighbors and a numerous acquaintance. He had acquired, in a fair and laudable manner, a genteel com-

petency of this world's goods; and also some small portion of its honors, as he had been sent a representative of the county of Schoharie to the State Legislature; which place, it is said, he filled with propriety, and usefulness to his constituents, when Dewit Clinton was Governor of the State of New York.

MUDJEE MONEDO AND MINNO MONEDO, OR THE SPIRIT OF EVIL AND THE SPIRIT OF GOOD.—A SAGINAW TALE.

In a beautiful portion of the country, which was part forest and part prairie, there lived a bloodythirsty Manito in the guise of an Indian, who made use of all his arts to decoy men into his power for the purpose of killing them. Although the country yielded an abundance of game, and every other production to satisfy his wants, yet it was the study of his life to destroy human beings, and subsist upon their blood. The country had once been thickly populated, but he had thinned it off by his wickedness, and his lodge was surrounded by the bleached bones of his victims.

The secret of his success lay in his great speed. He had the power to assume the shape of any quadruped, and it was his custom to challenge persons to run with him. He had a beaten path on which he ran, leading around a large lake, and he always ran around this circle, so that the starting and winning point were the same. At this point stood a post, having a sharp and shining knife tied to it, and whoever lost the race lost his life. The winner immediately took up the knife and cut off his competitor's head. No man was ever known to beat this evil Manito in the race, although he ran every day; for whenever he was pressed hard, he changed himself into a fox, wolf, or deer, or other swift-footed animal, and thus left his competitor behind.

The whole country was in dread of him, and yet, such was the folly and rashness of the young men, that they were continually running with him; for if they refused, he called them cowards, which was a taunt they could not bear. They would rather die than be called cowards. In other respects, the Manito had pleasing manners, and visited the lodges around the country, like others; but his secret object in these visits was to see whether the young boys were getting to be old enough to run with him, and he was careful to keep a watch upon their growth, and never failed to challenge them to run on his race ground. There was no family which had not lost some of its most active members in this way, and the Manito was execrated by all the Indian mothers in the country.

There lived near him a widow, whose husband and ten sons he had killed in this way, and she was now left with an only daughter and a son of ten or twelve years old, named MONEDOWA. She was very poor and feeble, and suffered so much for the want of food, that she would have been glad to die, had it not been for her daughter and her little son, who was not yet able to hunt. The Manito had already visited her lodge to see whether the boy was not sufficiently grown to challenge him. And the mother saw there was a great probability that he would be decoyed and killed as his father and brothers had been. Still, she hoped a better fate would attend him, and strove, in the best way she could, to instruct him in the maxims of a hunter's and a warrior's life. To the daughter she also taught all that could make her useful as a wife, and instructed her in the arts of working with porcupine quills on leather, and various other things, which the Indian females regard as accomplishments. She was also neat and tasteful in arranging her dress according to their customs, and possessing a tall and graceful person, she displayed her national costume to great advantage. She was kind and obedient to her mother, and never neglected to perform her appropriate domestic duties. Her mother's lodge stood on an elevation on the banks of a lake, which gave them a fine prospect of the country for many miles around, the interior of which was diversified with groves and prairies. It was in this quarter that they daily procured their fuel. One day the daughter had gone out to these open groves to pick up dry limbs for their fire, and while admiring the scenery, she strolled farther than usual, and was suddenly startled by the appearance of a young man near her. She would have fled, but was arrested by his pleasing smile, and by hearing herself addressed in her own language. The questions he asked were trivial, relating to her place of residence and family, and were answered with timidity. It could not be concealed, however, that they were mutually pleased with each other, and before parting, he asked her to get her mother's consent to their marriage. She returned home later than usual, but was too timid to say anything to her mother on the subject. The meetings, however, with her admirer on the borders of the prairie, were frequent, and he every time requested her to speak to her mother on the subject of their marriage, which, however, she could not muster the resolution to do. At last the widow suspected something of the kind, from the tardiness of her daughter in coming in, and from the scanty quantity of fuel she sometimes brought. In answer to inquiries, she re-

vealed the circumstance of her meeting the young man, and of his request. After reflecting upon her lonely and destitute situation, the mother gave her consent. The daughter went with a light step to communicate the answer, which her lover heard with delight, and after saying that he would come to the lodge at sunset, they separated. He was punctual to his engagement, and came at the precise time, dressed out as a warrior with every customary decoration, and approached the lodge with a mild and pleasing, yet manly air and commanding step. On entering it, he spoke affectionately to his mother-in-law, whom he called (contrary to the usage,) NEEJEE, or *friend*. She directed him to sit down beside her daughter, and from this moment they were regarded as man and wife.

Early the following morning, he asked for the bow and arrows of those who had been slain by the Manito, and went out a hunting. As soon as he had got out of sight of the lodge, he transformed himself into a PEENA, or patridge, and took his flight in the air. Where or how he procured his food, is unknown; but he returned at evening with the carcasses of two deer. This continued to be his daily practice, and it was not long before the scaffolds near the lodge were loaded with meat. It was observed, however, that he ate but little himself, and that of a peculiar kind of meat, which added to some other particulars, convinced the family of his mysterious character. In a few days his mother-in-law told him that the Manito would come to pay them a visit, to see how the young man prospered. He told her that he should be away that day purposely, but would return the moment the visiter left them. On the day named he flew upon a tall tree, overlooking the lodge, and took his stand there to observe the movement of the Manito. This wicked spirit soon appeared, and as he passed the scaffolds of meat, cast suspicious glances toward them. He had no sooner entered the lodge, stopping first to look, before he went in, than he said—"Why, woman, who is it that is furnishing you meat so plentifully?" "No one," she answered, "but my son—he is just beginning to kill deer." "No, no," said he, "some one is living with you." 'Kaween," said the old woman, (which means no indeed,) dissembling again, "You are only jesting on my destitute situation. Who do you think would come and trouble themselves about me?" "Very well," replied the Manito, "I will go; but on such a day, I will again visit you, and see who it is that furnishes the meat, and whether it is your son or not." He had no sooner left the lodge and got out of sight, than the son-in-law made his appearance with two more deer. On being told of the particulars of the visit, "Very well," said he, "I will be at home next time and see him." They remonstrated against this, telling him of his cruelties, and the barbarous murders he had committed. "No matter," said he, "if he invites me to the race ground, I will not be backward. The result will teach him to show pity on the vanquished, and not to trample on the widow, and those who are without fathers." When the day of the expected visit arrived, he told his wife to prepare certain pieces of meat, which he pointed out and handed to her, together with two or three buds of the birch-tree which he requested her to put in the pot; and he directed that nothing should be wanting to show the usual hospitality to their guest, although he knew that his only object was to kill him. He then dressed himself as a warrior, putting tints of red on his visage and dress, to show that he was prepared for either war or peace.

As soon as the Manito arrived, he eyed this, to him, strange warrior, but dissembled his feelings, and spoke laughingly to the old woman, saying, "Did I not tell you that some one was staying with you, for I knew your son was too young to hunt?" She turned it off by saying that she did not think it necessary to tell him, as he was a Manito and knew before asking. He then conversed with the son-in-law on different topics, and finished by inviting him to the race ground, saying it was a manly amusement—that it would give him an opportunity of seeing other men, and he should himself be pleased to run with him." "Why, he replied, "don't you see how old I look, while you are young and active. We must at least run to amuse others." "Be it so, then," replied the young man, "I will go in the morning." Pleased with his success, the Manito now wished to return, but he was pressed to remain and partake of the customary hospitalities, although he endeavoured to excuse himself. The meal was immediately spread. But one dish was used. The young man partook of it first, to show his guest that he need not fear to partake, and saying at the same time to him, "It is a feast, and as we seldom meet, we must eat all that is placed on the dish, as a mark of gratitude to the Great Spirit for permitting me to kill the animals, and for the pleasure of seeing you, and partaking of it with you." They ate and conversed until they had eaten nearly all, when the Manito took up the dish and drank the broth. On setting it down, he immediately turned his head and commenced coughing violently, having, as the young man expected, swallowed a grain of the birch tops, which had lodged in his windpipe. He coughed incessantly, and found his situation so unpleasant, that he had to leave, saying, as he quit the lodge, that he should expect the young man at the race ground in the morning.

Monedowa prepared himself early in the morning by oiling his limbs, and decorating himself so as to appear to advantage, and having procured leave for his brother to attend him, they repaired to the Manito's race ground. The Manito's lodge stood on an eminence, and a row of other lodges stood near it. And as soon as the young and his companion came near it, the inmates cried out, "We are visited." At this cry he came out, and descended with them to

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